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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

M.DCCC.LVIII.

JULY—DECEMBER.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

WARD AND CO., 27 PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH: G. GALLIE, GLASGOW:

G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

1858.



Academia Cantabrigiensi
Liber.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JULY, 1858.

ART. I.—THE MODERN PAPACY.

1. *Recollections of the Last Four Popes.* By Nicholas, Cardinal Wiseman. 8vo. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1858.

Just forty years ago, in 1818, Nicholas Wiseman, an ingenuous young Briton, of approved morals and hopeful talents, entered the city of Rome, after a probation at St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, in order to prosecute his studies at the English College, with a view to the Romish priesthood. Little did the well-grown stripling expect that some two-and-thirty years later he should be issuing pastorals from the Flaminian Gate that would thunder and lighten in our ecclesiastical sky, with a portentous power which moved the very throne of this empire with indignant commotion, and raised such a stir of angry protest and clamour as was unknown in England since the Nonconformist Ejection of 1662. Little, probably, did he in the most sanguine dreams of youth anticipate that the stranger from distant lands would ever be so domesticated and adopted into the very bosom of the Church at Rome, that he should become one of its most favoured sons, and only leave the bounds of the capital a mitred prelate, prince, and cardinal of the Church.

Dr. Wiseman describes in the following pleasant terms his first view of the sacred domicile, which was to be his home for so many years, and which, by its studious and friendly seclusion, well-improved, has contributed so largely to his fame:—

“A long, narrow street, and the Pantheon burst full into view; then a labyrinth of tortuous ways, through which a glimpse of a

church or palace front might be caught occasionally askew; then the small square opened on the eye, which, were it ten times larger, would be oppressed by the majestic, overwhelming mass of the Farnese Palace, as completely Michel-Angelesque in brick as the Moses is in marble, when another turn and a few yards of distance placed us at the door of the 'venerable English College.' Had a dream, after all, bewildered one's mind, or at least closed the eager journey, and more especially its last hours, during which the tension of anxious expectation had wrought up the mind to a thousand fancies? No description had preceded actual sight.

"No traveller since the beginning of the century, or even from an earlier period, had visited it or mentioned it. It had been sealed up as a tomb for a generation; and not one of those who were descending from the unwieldy vehicle at its door had collected, from the few lingering patriarchs, once its inmates, who yet survived at home, any recollections by which a picture of the place might have been prepared in the imagination. Having come so far, somewhat in the spirit of sacrifice, in some expectation of having to 'rough it' as pioneers for less venturesome followers, it seemed incredible that we should have fallen upon such pleasant places as the seat of future life and occupation. Wide and lofty vaulted corridors; a noble staircase leading to vast and airy halls succeeding one another; a spacious garden, glowing with the lemon and orange, and presenting to one's first approach a perspective in fresco by Pozzi, one engraved by him in his celebrated work on perspective; a library airy, cheerful, and large, whose shelves, however, exhibited a specimen of what antiquarians call '*opus tumultuarium*' in the piled-up, disorganized volumes, from folio to duodecimo, that crammed them; a refectory wainscoted in polished walnut, and above that, painted by the same hand, with St. George and the Dragon ready to drop on to the floor from the groined ceiling; still better, a chapel, unfurnished, indeed, but illuminated from floor to roof with the saints of England, and celestial glories, leading to the altar that had to become the very hearthstone of new domestic attachments, and the centre of many yet untasted joys;—such were the first features of our future abode, as, alone and undirected, we wandered through the solemn building, and made it, after years of silence, re-echo to the sound of English voices, and give back the bounding tread of those who had returned to claim their own. And such, indeed, it might well look to them when, after months of being 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' in a small vessel, and jammed in a still more tightly-packed *vettura*, they found in the upper corridors, wide and airy as those below, just the right number of rooms for their party, clean and speckless, with every article of furniture, simple and collegiate though it was, spic and span new, and manifestly prepared for their expected arrival. One felt at once at home; it was nobody else's house; it was English ground, a part of fatherland, a restored inheritance. And though, indeed, all was neat and trim, dazzling in its whiteness, relieved here and there by tinted architectural members, one could not but feel that we had been transported to the scene of better

men and greater things than were likely to arise in the new era that day opened. Just within the great entrance-door, a small one to the right led into the old church of the Holy Trinity, which wanted but its roof to restore it to use. There it stood, nave and aisles, separated by pillars connected by arches, all in their places, with the lofty walls above them. The altars had been removed; but we could trace their forms, and the painted walls marked the frames of the altarpieces, especially of the noble painting by Durante Alberti, still preserved in the house, representing the Patron-Mystery, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Edward the Martyr. This vision of the past lasted but a few years, for the walls were pronounced unsafe, and the old church was demolished, and the unsightly shell of a thoroughly modern church was substituted for the old basilica, under the direction of Valadier, a good architect, but one who knew nothing of the feelings which should have guided his mind and pencil in such a work.

"It was something, however, to see that first day, the spot revisited where many an English pilgrim, gentle or simple, had knelt leaning on his trusty staff, cut in Needwood or the New Forest; where many a noble student from Bologna or Padua had prayed *in formâ pauperis*, as he was lodged and fed, when, before returning home, he came to visit the tomb of the Apostles; and still more, where many and many a student, like those now gathered there, had sobbed his farewell to the happy spring days and the quiet home of youth, before starting on his weary journey to the peril of evil days in his native land. Around lay scattered memorials of the past. One splendid monument, erected to Sir Thomas Dereham, at the bottom of the church, was entirely walled up and roofed over, and so invisible. But shattered and defaced lay the richly-effigied tombs of an archbishop of York and a prior of Worcester, and of many other English worthies; while sadder wreckage of the recent storm was piled on one side—the skulls and bones of, perhaps, Cardinal Allen, F. Persons, and others, whose coffins had been dragged up from the vaults below, and converted into munitions of war. And if there was required a living link between the present and the past, between the young generation that stood at the door and the old one that had passed into the crypt of the venerable church, there it was, in the person of the more than octogenarian porter, Vincenzo, who stood all salutation from the wagging appendage to his grey head to the large silver buckles on his shoes, mumbling toothless welcomes in a yet almost unknown tongue, but full of humble joy and almost patriarchal affection, on seeing the haunts of his own youth re peopled."

Of the English College at Rome we are in a position to furnish a few items of information which Dr. Wiseman has not supplied, probably supposing most of his readers familiar with the history of its foundation. It was established by Pope Gregory XIII., in the year 1578, and had for its first rector Dr. Maurice Clenock, bishop elect of Bangor, in the reign of the unhappy

Queen Mary, of unpleasant memory. The college was designed for the accommodation of fifty students intended for the secular priesthood in England. The buildings appropriated for their use were St. Thomas's Hospital and the contiguous houses, together with the Church of St. Thomas and that of the Blessed Trinity. This Pope endowed the new institution with an annual pension of six thousand scudi, or about a thousand pounds; and all the property belonging to the hospital besides. The first students were brought from Rheims, whither the Douay institution had been transferred for the short interval between 1578 and 1593, under stress of political causes. The first rector only presided over the college for one year, when he was removed to make way for an Italian Jesuit, Agarrazio. From that time for a period of nearly two hundred years the curious spectacle was displayed of a college for English secular priests being under the entire control and governance of the Jesuit regulars, till the date of the suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV., in 1773. After this event the college was administered by Monsignor Foggini and other Italian priests, being of little use to the English under the regimen of these gentlemen. Repeated memorials were presented for the restoration of the property to the secular clergy of England, but to no good effect. In 1798 the college was seized by the French, and remained closed for twenty years; and at the end of this interval it was that young Nicholas Wiseman found his way thither, being one of the first batch of ten young Englishmen consigned to its care for a lengthened period. Dr. Robert Gradwell, afterwards coadjutor bishop of the London district, was appointed its first rector after its re-opening in March, 1818. Nine years afterwards, so well did the revived institution prosper, that it contained thirty students. Dr. Wiseman became rector from 1828 to 1840, when he himself was appointed coadjutor in the Central District of England, and left the college under the care of Dr. Baggs, since also made a bishop. The fixed revenue of the institution is about £1,500 per annum: no very sumptuous endowment for the board, lodging, and tuition of fifty men, with their rector and his auxiliaries.

Besides this house at Rome, the dispersed Romish clergy in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth founded other schools and colleges at Douay and St. Omer; at Valladolid, Seville, Madrid, and St. Lucar, in Spain; in Lisbon, and in Paris, for the secular priesthood: but the members of regular orders, Benedictines, Carmelites, Carthusians, Cistercians, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits, together with corresponding sisterhoods, spread far and wide, especially in France, the Nether-

lands, and Flanders. Go where they might, these exiles for religion's sake, often doubtless respectable enough as individuals, but extremely worthless as fraternities, with the instinct of the mole burrowed deeply in the soil; and many of the comfortable dens they excavated for themselves in the rich loams of Belgium, and amid the picturesque and vine-trellised regions more southward, remain at the present day the receptacles of their successors, along with the traditions of three hundred years' possession. Thus, amid all the vicissitudes of religious opinion and political government, in all the countries where they reside, it is interesting to mark how the properties have remained in the same religious family circle with a duration of title and an undisputed succession that few private families could claim. The incident explains itself, where the hand of violence does not dissolve the union between right and possession; for although the members die, the corporation survives, and the succession can never fail. The leaves fall, the forest stands; and in the forests of monkery no account is made of the leaves.

In the earliest years of that English College in Rome was a certain English student there, in circumstances closely resembling those of the modern Cardinal, but with a very different result; for, after a two years' residence, on coming to England he recanted his Romish faith, and professed the reformed religion. This person, too, was an anecdotist of the Popes, for the next extract will find him declaring himself a reporter of "such things as I have seen at Rome, yet not all, nor the twentieth part thereof, but here one thing, and there another." The fact of his having been one of the very first students in the same seminary in which Dr. Wiseman was trained gives interest to his publication, which bears the date of 1581. He describes himself as being for "the space almost of two years the Pope's scholar in the English Seminary or College at Rome." He thus bespeaks the good will of his reader:—

"God, that is my recorde, and searcher of all mens heartes (good Christian reader), knoweth that with vnfeigned heart I greatly wished this declaration of my repentance, and desire to be received to the true Church, to be imprinted, for two principall causes: the one to certifie my deare countreyemen of my reconciliation to the true Church, the other of my disposition to do them good hereafter, when it shall please God to encrease me with greater knowledge, and to manifest how it hath pleased Christ our Sauour, the head Shepherd, to call me away by his instruments, the faithful and godly, from the whore of Babylon, from the schole of error, and from the temple of heresie, to the city of righteousness, the true Church, his vndefiled spouse. I doubt not but that the godly and vnfeined

louers of the glorious and comfortable Gospell of Jesus Christ will heartily rejoyce and give God thanks that it was His diuine pleasure to bring me, a lost sheepe, into His folde, and to Him make their prayers in my behalfe, that He of His bountifull mercie will vouchsafe to graunt me continuall perseuerance therein, euen vnto the end of my life, that I may neuer swarue from His heauenly trueth vnto blindness and errour, wherewith once seduced by false prophets, I was holden captiue. But nowe hauing the assistance of God's holy Spirit, the trueth of His sacred worde, and perfect loue of the faithfull on my side, I passe not what wicked Papistes speake or do against me: their immoderate vnciuill bitterness, proceeding from the furious and stormie passions of their poysoned heartes, I may well lament, but restraints I cannot; therefore I say, let the Papists here in England fret and fume, and say of my name what evil or slaunders they can deuise; let them write their letters to Rheims, in Fraunce, and from thence to Rome, with the poste, and certifie all the English scolers there that the Pope's scholer, their owne companion and fellow-student, is reuolted from Papistrie, hath left the Pope in plaine felde, and quite denyed him, protested against his blasphemies, and renounced the deuilish dregges of all his idolatrie. So soon as these letters shall come to viewe they will name one Father *Parsons*, Jesuite, a prophet, southsayer, for that he at Rome, in the English Seminarie, in a certaine exhortation made to the schollers, prophesied that one or other of that company (myselfe being then present amongst them) shoulde degenerate from their faith, and be the ouerthrowe of that colledge: he confirmed also the profe thereof by example, beginning with Christ and his Apostles, and pyking out Judas, one of the colledge of Christ, that forsooke his Master; and then from the colledge of the Apostles he named Nicholaus, that reuolted. Nowe will their diuines declayme in the refectory pulpit of my sudden sequestration, and estranging from their brotherly societie. The trial and experience of their rash iudgement, hatred, and enuie, mocking and scoffing, had and pronounced against others, giueth me sufficient notice that I shall incurre their like rayling and misreport. I know that I cannot be voyde of their imagined slaunders in iudging me to be the first begotten sonne of the Diuel. I cannot escape their sinister exposition of all things to the worst; wherefore I must arme myselfe with patience; and seeing through God's goodnesse I am reduced from the miserable captiuitie of blindness and errour to the true vnderstanding and knowledge of God's holy truth, I neede take no great thought for their conceiued choller, slanderous speach, and rayling wordes of Sathan's prompting, sithers they have dealt so maliciously with my betters. And as for their holy father the Pope's curse with booke, bell, and candell, it shall not grieue me at all, neither will I take one unquiet nappe for all his banning and cursing; and seeing I haue renounced his Popish Church, wherein I neither heard the worde of God sincerely taught, the sacraments rightly administered, nor the name of God duly called upon: seeyng that (I say) I forsooke the idolatrous Church of Rome, and have so

gone from it as Daniel went out of the Lyons' den, and the three children out of the furnace, and am come to that Church wherein the most earnest Papists themselves can not deny (if they will say truly and as they thinke in their own conscience) but all things be governed purely and reverently in this true Church of Christ; I have a desirous minde to profit my louing countrymen, according to the talent which God of His bountifulnesse shall giue me in preaching unto them His holy word, in exhorting them unto watchfulnesse and prayer against Romish doctrine, which is builded upon false miracles and traditions of men, being the fantastick deuises of their busie braine for lucre and ambition sake; fynally, in warning them vnto amendment of life, that both by their faith and conversation God's name may be glorified.

"If thou art a member of that Church, the spouse of Christ, whereof He is head, and not Antichrist, the Bishop of Rome, it needeth not then (good Christian reader) much to entreat thee to take in good part this vnlearned declaration of my reconciliation, made as it were extempore, my selfe being in prison, and wanting bookes, to the great impediment and hindrance of this my discourse. The beneuolence of the Papists I seeke not, for if I shoulde it were but in vaine. I cannot obtaine it, for that I have with upright conscience made a true rehearsall of such things as I have seene at Rome; yet not all, nor the twentyeth part thereof, but here one thing, and there another, and so fewe things in all: and this I add in the ende, if they can not afforde one good worde by mee, yet for good fellowship sake let them then say, '*Requiescat in pace*;' but let it be a solemn dirge for Aristotle's soule, who neuer knew the true God, but euer lived in gentility and blindness of the trueth, that he may be delivered out of purgatory, where they hold him to be, so that we may have conference with him, and know of him whether it be substantial and true diuinitie such as he taught and set forth in writing, or els whether it be Plato his diuinitie, who was a heathen or Gentile, and which of them is best; and as for the diuinitie which Christ preached, and was delivered by the Apostles, and received by the faithfull, they are not acquainted with. God euermore enflame and direct me with His holy Spirit, that the zeale of His trueth throughly pearce and possesse my heart, that I may safely walke in the ways of righteousness and holines all the days of my life, and utterly abandon and detest all hypocrisie and idolatrous superstition."

This rare and remarkable black letter volume lies before us as we write, and we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity it affords to present the testimony of a second witness from the English Seminary at Rome on matters affecting the Popes and the Papacy, the common theme of both the ancient and the modern author. That the earlier writer conceives of the Popedom as an immense ecclesiastical imposture, and an incarnation of practical abomination, is evident enough from the extract

already given. With what emphasis he urges that view will be still more apparent from the following plain-spoken denunciation of the morals of Rome:—

“Now I will speak a little of the wickedness of Rome, which you count holiness, and make our Englishmen that were never there believe so. First, I will begin with your cardinals, the pillars of your Church, as I have heard by the Romans, and by a gentleman who served to Cardinal Sforza, who travelled by land with me from the city Ancona to Venice. Have not these young cardinals pretty wenches in their palaces, whom in the day-time they call either their sisters or cousins, and in the night-time make them either their bed-fellows or concubines? And do you not know how that there was a young cardinal, or prince, burnt at Rome, not long since, by a common quean of the stews, and took from her the French disease, wherewith he died miserably? Do not your priests at Rome, without shame and punishment, openly, in the sight of all men, go to the stews? I have seen them with mine eyes, as I walked the streets, embracing the queans. O if a minister here in England should commit such abomination and escape unpunished, how would you cry out against him, and against the magistrates! Yet to see your own priests so do, and your magistrates to suffer it, you hold your peace, you seem to allow it. What shall I speak of your monks? Was there not at Rome a whole monastery of such as bear a silver cross in their hands, and are apparelled in blewe, full of women, that went in habit of those monks; and were they not spied at the last, and escaped unpunished? Be these the holy men that have renounced the world, and have vowed chastity? . . . Moreover, have not the Romans six streets full of courtezans and harlots, who pay a yearly tribute to the Pope? And be there not throughout all Rome queans who lay out of their windows carpets and their gowns, which is a sign to them that pass by that there they may have a woman for money? At Shrovetide what horrible abuses are there practised at Rome without punishment! Do not men go in women’s apparel, and women in men’s apparel? The gentlewomen out of their windows throw rose-water, which is a token to them that pass by that there they may defile their bodies one with another. What murther is there, insomuch that no man can sit in his waggon without danger of his life! These words of Petrus Bembus are true: ‘*Roma est sentina pessimorum hominum.*’ *Rome is the sink of pestilent varlets.* I would not for a great deal of money but that I had seen Rome; otherwise, I should have stood in doubt lest I had misreported aught of them; but what I saw that speak I, and testify, and cry with the Mantuan:—

‘Vivere qui sancte cupitis, discedite Roma:
Omnia cum liceant, non licet esse bonum.’

Ye that desire to live godly, depart from Rome; for when all things are lawful there, it is not lawful to be honest. Peradventure now you will say that the Pope is a holy man. . . . At Macerata the

Pope put a county out of his possession, and gave it to his own son James, whom, of a beggar, he hath made a marquis, able to spend by the year thirty thousand crowns, and is richly married to a duke's daughter. He gave the count for his possession not half so much as it was worth. There was also a monk, who came from the Indians, who, at Venice, refused a hundred thousand crowns for two precious stones which he brought with him, who, thinking to please this Pope now living, and to get a greater reward, presented the precious stones before this Pope Gregory, who, taking the gems or precious stones, instead of reward committed the monk to prison, alleging nothing against him but this, that he forsook his cloister or monastery. Master Alet, whom you know, hath reported this to be true: for he knew this said monk, as he reported to two gentlemen of the North that had been at Jerusalem, and to me, and to three other scholars, Thus much touching his iniquity. Now, I will not speak of the Pope's pontificality, how he is carried on men's shoulders, how the people kneel before him, how the trumpets sound, how the ordnance or double cannons are discharged, and how the people cry out, '*Vivat Papa Gregorius!*' "

The modern Cardinal deals with this spectacle of the Pope's procession on litter-back over the heads of the worshipping lieges, as the perfection of courtly pomp, and regards the part of the chief actor in the scene as the *ne plus ultra* of devotion. To the secular aspect of this unusual mode of obeisance we have no serious objection to urge. If princes and people agree, on the one side, to exact, and on the other to render, a homage that breathes more of the incense of idolatry than the frank service of loyalty, as they are the parties chiefly concerned, we need scarcely stop to express our individual dissent from such an observance. But, on the other hand, if we regard this extraordinary abasement as a recognition of the Pope in his priestly function, rather than as monarch or man, a virtual elevation of a fellow-creature into a visible mediator between heaven and earth, a concession of the Pontiff's claim to sit in the temple of God, "showing himself that he is God" (*Dominus Deus noster, Papa*), we can scarcely restrain our indignation at the folly and wickedness of such an act, and denounce the Pope's "pontificality" with all the heartiness of the earlier seminarist. That we do not receive without serious qualification the other statements of the gross immorality of the Romish prelates and priesthood, is simply to aver our acting upon our own judgment and observation with respect to statements of this nature, as well as in those which are of an opposite kind. We neither believe those persons immaculate with Wiseman, nor yet all black sheep with the other Nicholas. Concern for truth, nevertheless, constrains us to say, notwithstanding the practical charity which governs our decisions, that

the system of celibacy is not one formed to foster social purity ; and again, that the loudest denunciations of clerical immorality in Romanism are made by Roman Catholic rather than Protestant authors.

One of the most interesting portions of Dr. Wiseman's volume is that which treats of the English cardinalate, designed and actual, this portion of his narrative bearing more of the character of disclosure than often appears in his pages. The Cardinal takes some pains to show that Dr. Lingard, the historian, was never intended to wear the scarlet hat, even in the mysterious council chamber of the Pope's bosom : a usage that requires a word of explanation. It appears that when the Pope creates a batch of cardinals he reserves the nomination of one *in pectore*, to be disclosed in due time, the person afterwards raised to that dignity dating his appointment, not from the day of open promulgation, but of secret creation. This is a very curious usage, and seems to have no object except, perhaps, to secure the absolute freedom of the pontiff in his choice, unbiassed by the intrigues of ecclesiastics or the intercession of friends. Pope Leo XII. is stated, in the memoir of Dr. Lingard, to have once "informed the Consistory that among those whom he had reserved *in petto* for the same dignity was one 'a man of great talents, an accomplished scholar, whose writings, drawn *ex authenticis fontibus*, had not only rendered great service to religion, but had delighted and astonished Europe.' In Rome this was generally understood to refer to the historian of England." Such, at least, was the impression of Lingard and his friends, based upon certain expressions and tokens of good will manifested by Leo XII. towards him, the gift of a gold medal, and a proposal to settle down in Rome for life. But Dr. Wiseman, while admitting the merits of his countryman, says, "A very different person was then and ever afterwards, and is still, considered to have been the subject of the Pope's reservation. This was the celebrated Abbé de Lamennais."

He had been to Rome in 1824, and had been received with the most marked distinction by the Pope. He was then in all the splendour of his genius, arrayed on the side, not only of faith, but of the highest Roman principles. The boldness of his declarations on doctrine, the independence of his tone in politics, the brilliancy of his style, and the depth of thought which it clothed, put him at the head of religious champions in France. He had undauntedly assaulted the flying rere of the great Revolution, the indifference which lingered still behind it, by his splendid "*Traité sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion* ;" he had next endeavoured to beat back from reoccu-

pying its place what he considered had led to that fatal epoch and its desolating results, a kingly Gallicanism. This he had done by a treatise less popular, indeed, but full of historical research and clearness of reasoning: "*La Doctrine de l'Eglise sur l'Institution des Evêques.*" It was to this work that Pope Leo was considered to allude. The text of the allocution is not accessible; but it was thought to refer to this work with sufficient point.

"How he [Lamennais] did so mightily prevail on others it is hard to say. He was truly in look and presence almost contemptible; small, weakly, without pride of countenance or mastery of eye, without any external grace; his tongue seemed to be the organ by which, unaided, he gave marvellous utterance to thoughts clear, deep, and strong. Several times have I held long conversations with him, at various intervals, and he was always the same. With his head hung down, his hands clasped before him, or gently moving in one another, in answer to a question he poured out a stream of thought, flowing spontaneous and unrippled as a stream through a summer meadow. He at once seized the whole subject, divided it into its heads as symmetrically as Fléchier or Massillon; then took them one by one, enucleated each, and drew his conclusions. All this went on in a monotonous but soft tone, and was so unbroken, so unhesitating, and yet so polished and elegant, that if you had closed your eyes you might have easily fancied that you were listening to the reading of a finished and elaborately corrected volume.

"Then everything was illustrated by such happy imagery, so apt, so graphic, and so complete! I remember his once describing, in glowing colours, the future prospects of the Church. He had referred to prophecies of Scripture, and fulfilments in history, and had concluded that, not even at the period of Constantine, had perfect accomplishment of predictions and types been made; and that, therefore, a more glorious phase yet awaited the Church than any that she had yet experienced. And this, he thought, could not be far off.

"And how,' I asked, 'do you think, or see, that this great and wonderful change in her condition will be brought about?'

"I cannot see,' he replied; 'I feel myself like a man placed at one end of a long gallery, at the other extremity of which are brilliant lights, shedding their rays on objects there. I see paintings and sculpture, furniture and persons, clear and distinct; but of what is between me and them I see nothing; the whole interval is dark, and I cannot describe what occupies the space. I can read the consequence, but not the working of the problem.'

"But in him there was long a canker deeply sunk. There was a maggot in the very core of that beautiful fruit. When, in 1837, he finished his ecclesiastical career by his '*Affaires de Rome*,' the worm had only fully writhed itself out, and wound itself, like the serpent of Eden, round the rind. But it had been there all along. During his last journey to Rome, to which the book referred, he is said to

have exclaimed to a companion, setting his teeth, and pressing his clasped hands to his heart, 'I feel in here an evil spirit, who will drag me one day to perdition.' That day soon came. It was the demon of pride and disappointed ambition. Often has one heard good men say in Rome, what a happy escape the Roman Church had experienced from one who had turned out so worthless! And others have thought that if Leo's intentions had been carried out the evil spirit would have been thereby exorcised, and, the dross being thus removed, the gold alone would have remained. But when ever was a passion cured by being humoured or satisfied?

"It is easy to account for Leo's abandonment of his intentions in favour of this wretched man. But how nobly does the character of our Lingard contrast with his, whom the necessity of our task and topic has compelled us to consider by his side! How sterling and manly, unselfish and consistent, does he appear throughout! For there can be no doubt that, under the assurance of its being made to him, he earnestly recoiled from the offer of that high dignity, which no one surely would accept without shrinking, though his mind might be balanced between the examples of a Philip playfully rejecting and a Baronius obediently receiving."

There is ample matter for reflection in these statements concerning cardinals *in petto*, who are cardinals in fact, whether they be canonized or no by name, taken in connexion with the Romish doctrine of sacerdotal intention. The reserved nomination is a real nomination, although no disclosure ever followed: "If Dr. Lingard was the person meant by the Pope on the occasion referred to in the foregoing extract, the English historian was truly and really created a cardinal." And, by parity of reason, if Lamennais, infidel and apostate, was really the *petto* promotion of the twelfth Leo, he was as much a cardinal as if his appointment had been pronounced. We must presume, that the infallibility of the Popes does not extend to the persons whom they appoint to ecclesiastical offices, and must further conclude, which is much more damaging still, that not only may the Pope's discrimination fail him in the selection of the highest dignitaries of the Church, but that his apostolic benediction, great as may be its virtue, is impotent to restrain the heretical pravity of his *protégés*. Thus, every incident, doctrine, and pretension of the Popedom, does signally tend to open the eyes of its votaries, if they would but yield themselves to the natural influence of daily developments and revelations of its falsehood. To the unsealed vision of believers, the very cardinals, hinges and stays of the Church of Rome, are a weakness and not a power—evidences of its untruth, and tributary to its fall.

Another case in which a *petto* appointment, as it is presumed, fell through, without reaching public consummation, is that of

Dr. Baines, the Roman Catholic bishop of Bristol; these same *petto* appointments, in our estimation, being desperately and justly provoking to those afterwards receiving publicly the dignity they conferred. If they deserved them, why not obtain their cardinal honours at once? Why await the chapter of accidents—the proverbial uncertainty of human affairs—the possible summons of death? We are bound, however, to believe that some sufficient motive actuates their Holinesses to continue this strange custom, which to our Transalpine apprehension does not savour of the highest wisdom.

This abortive cardinalate was succeeded by a real one, in the case of an Englishman, whose only pretensions to the distinction were founded on his wealth and his family—the proprietor of Lulworth Castle—Cardinal Weld. He was a person of narrow capacity, and little learning, requiring a prompter at his elbow to carry him creditably through the duties of his office, and was never regarded in any other light by Protestant or Catholic than as a respectable dummy in a purple gown. Our author himself follows next in the line of the English princes of the Church, and will doubtless supply an interesting chapter for the future historian.

But the author of this volume is even more of a scholar than a divine, and his student life has left recollections to which he recurs with a spontaneous fondness and pride. Amid the splendours of his purple he probably looks back upon the seclusion of his cell with unavailing regret, and breathes the expression of his own experience over the future of the young athletes now training in the same arena, as they long for the fray of actual life—

“Beati nimium, sua si bona nôrint.”

The scene depicted in the following extract is one of which only the shadow remains in the older universities of our land, wherein still the semblance of disputation remains in the scores of Latin syllogisms spouted, and duly demolished by the opponent, the Latin and Greek *theses* required, and, for divinity degrees, the Latin sermons delivered. In Rome, whose court and diplomatic language the Latin is, the reality still survives. Much of it is purely technical, and in great part *memoriter* rather than spontaneous and impulsive; nevertheless, the displays which the Cardinal describes must have a certain interest, and will always be sufficiently limited to sustain that interest, from the comparatively few students, even in Rome, who are competent to endure the trial. Dr. Wiseman himself is evidently the hero of this narration.

“A student has reached the conclusion of his studies, and is

thought by his superiors, for it can never be a matter of personal choice, able to claim his degree by public challenge against all comers, who dare impugn any of his propositions.

"To the honour of the English College be it said, that, from time to time, one or other of its sons has hung up his shield, and stood bravely against his adversaries. Let us take for an example one of these; and, probably, to many readers of this sketchy narrative, an account of the proceedings may be new. The youth selected will have ordinary power of application and memory, will not be too bashful or timid, must possess a fair amount of tact, and a readiness, if possible a fluency, in the use of the Latin language, not merely in its classical construction, but also in its scholastic and more barbaric technologies. He prints in a goodly quarto his *thesis*, which must not contain fewer than a hundred points, but which probably his professors may carry up to four times that, embracing the entire field of Catholic theology. This little volume is circulated among friends, and an invitation is sent to every ecclesiastical establishment in Rome; day, and hour, and place, being specified, with the usual clauses, that in the morning 'datur omnibus'—all may attack; while in the afternoon the same liberty is granted only after three well-selected champions shall have broken their lances.

"When the time comes, the respondent finds himself, he hardly knows how, seated behind a table at the end of an immense hall, which it requires a sustained voice to fill, supported by his professors, who may edge in a word at his ear, in case of possible straits. A huge oval chain of chairs stretches down the room, on either side, and soon begins to be occupied by professors, doctors, and learned men, of whom he has heard, perhaps, only in awe; each of whom receives a copy of the *thesis* and cons it over, as if to find the weak point between the plates of mail, into which he will later try to thrust his spear. I remember well, in the particular instance before my eye, that a monk clothed in white glided in, and sat down in the inner circle, but though a special messenger was despatched to him by the professors, he shook his head, and declined becoming an assailant. He had been sent to listen and report. It was F. Cappellari, who in less than six years was Pope Gregory XVI. Not far from him was seated the Abbé de Lamennais, whose works he so justly and so witheringly condemned. Probably, it was the only time that they were ever seated together, listening to an English youth vindicating the faith, of which one would become the oracle, and the other the bitter foe.

"Well, now some one rises, and, in measured language, eloquently addresses a few encouraging sentences to his young competitor, whose heart is beating in anxious uncertainty on what side he will be assailed; till a period is rounded off, by the declaration of the number in his propositions about to be impugned. A crackling sound of stiff paper turning simultaneously in every hand, through the hall filled with students, religious, and auditors lay and clerical, announces universal eagerness to see the selected theme, and relieves the tension of the pilloried youth, who, for the first time in his life,

finds himself painfully conspicuous, and feels the weight of past labour and of future responsibility both pressing on his head.

"Of course he has prepared himself thoroughly; and his wretchedness must be double, if he have left a vulnerable spot in his armour, or if it be not all of proof. Of course he knows that no assailant can 'travel out of the record,' or put such questions to him as Sir T. More did to the disputant '*in omni scibili et de quolibet ente*,' whom he stumbled upon somewhere abroad, and thoroughly nonplussed by a most lucid query of English law; to wit, '*Utrum averia caruæ in retito namio capta sint irreplegiabilia*.' Still there are subjects on which one is better got up than on others, and there are some more interesting, more full of detail, and more suitable for a lively illustration. However, there is no remedy; drily or unctuously, logically or eloquently, he must leave nothing unnoticed; he may turn the flank of something new, if it come unexpectedly before him; but, on the whole, he must show that he has overlooked no point worth answering. The assailants are keen, practised gladiators, who, if they are satisfied of the defendant's prowess, will give him fair opportunity for its display. To this the writer must plead guilty; he has done his best to try the metal of such young combatants striving to win their spurs.

"But when he has had such men as the Archbishop of Dublin or of Thyana, or the Bishops of Pittsburg or Clifton, to attack, he has had no occasion to repent having well tempered his weapons, and weighted his blows.

"After some hours of this digladiation, comes a pause for refection and repose, for every one but the champion of the day; who is, probably, crushed by a leaden sick headache, in which his past performance looks a wretched failure, and his coming one a dark and dismal uncertainty. It arrives, however, and he is this time perched up in a tall pulpit, with his professors low in front of him, hopelessly beyond reach for rescue and succour. He is in the centre of one side of the nave of a lofty church, which not only adds solemnity and even religious awe to his position, but makes it necessary that his voice should ring clearly, in an almost declamatory tone, to reach the opposite side, where, on a dais, in a chair of state, sits the cardinal who has accepted the dedication of the disputation. It had been intended, in the case before us, to request the Sovereign Pontiff to bestow the honour of his patronage; but at the last moment this idea was abandoned. However, the inner circle was sufficiently formidable; one patriarch, four archbishops, at least half a dozen bishops, about twenty prelates, not a few of whom have since reached the highest honours of the Church, nearly as many professors, abbots, and rectors, and an immense crowd of persons even of equal rank, out of full dress; which being required in the inner circle, gives it the appearance almost of a synod.

"Now, when this is over, what is the great reward looked to by the young athlete, beyond the title of the theological doctorate obtained, but, in Rome, not borne? It is to proceed next day, with a suitably bound copy of the 'Thesis,' to the Sovereign Pontiff, and

lay it at his feet. Not only does he receive a paternal, loving blessing, but his cheeks glow and his heart beats as he bends beneath the expressions of the kindest encouragements, and even words of praise. He will find the common father of little as of great, already informed of the proceedings of yesterday, of any peculiar incident, some clever hit, some blundering objicient's courteous overthrow, whatever had been characteristic in manner or in method. And then he is exhorted to persevere in study, and to cultivate the gifts which God has given him to His glory. Perhaps even more is said: a particular direction is pointed out, resulting from the success of the preliminary specimen; to study assiduously Holy Scripture, or the Fathers, or the questions of the day. All this used to be done by Leo, with a sweetness and emboldening graciousness which would compensate to a youth any amount of labour undergone, for enrolment in such a prince's spiritual and theological army. It raised him above himself, and his own pusillanimous thoughts, made him, for the first time, hope that he might live to do some good, and opened his eyes to the brighter and more cheerful side of his own insignificant existence.

"Such looks, such words, such a scene, are not easily forgotten; and who knows for how much of sterling worth, and enduring work, the Church may be indebted to a single quarter of an hour thus bestowed on the tender, warm, and impassionable mind of a youth, accompanied by a benediction full of grace, and proceeding from one whom he reveres and deeply honours, as God's very representative on earth? The seal is set and pressed deep upon the wax, just at the moment that it is the warmest and the softest; it would be wonderful if the impression be not sharp and lasting. In the tempering of steel, after much manipulation, it is said that all the finest blades pass through the hands of one superior workman; who, by some secret skill and consummate tact, with a few strokes imparts a finish and delicacy that prepare them for the keenest edge. And so, after years of study and secret toil, a patient student may, in a few moments, receive what Milton calls 'a touch of celestial temper,' from the master-hand in the ecclesiastical armoury."

This imitation of a mediæval passage at arms in the Court of the Muses, must have been a painful ordeal even to those combatants who are better furnished than their fellows. The pride of scholarship would always be more or less tempered with fears of defeat. Few, however, in modern days would tempt the fate of the encounter so slenderly furnished for attack or defence as the scholar of Bamberg, who three centuries ago, preaching before the magnates of his house for his degree, and quoting the passage from 1 Cor. v. 7, "Purge out, therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, *as ye are unleavened*" (*sicut estis azymi*), read *sicut estis asini*—because ye are asses: an uncomplimentary but true designation, possibly, of some of the learned moles before him, who were blind in the midst of light,—

a term, too, which included the miserable *candidatus theologie* in its application, for he neither savoured his own unconscious wit, nor knew his mistake.

We are fortunately able to present a companion portrait to the Cardinal's elaborate draught, from the work of the Pope's early scholar already cited, and which is a curiosity on more accounts than one: in the first place, as presenting so close a parallel in the circumstances of the two respondents, but most of all in the diametrical contrast of the spirit in which the sketches are drawn. The Cardinal gloats over the recollection of his academic displays and triumphs with a kind of pardonable pedantry—the other launches his invective and satire at the whole institution as a something worthy only of mockery, and provocative of contempt. The convert thus writes:—

“About half a year past [that is, in 1580], I was requested by the prefect or master of the English students, named Father Peter, Jesuit, a Spaniard born, to make a sermon in the Latin tongue upon the festival day of Peter ad Vincula, certain English doctors of the city, and some of the Pope's Chapel, with other strangers, being present at dinner. I preached then contrary to the true religion, against faith, the buckler of our defence, the tower of refuge, the enemy of desperation, the comfortress of the afflicted, and the perfect way to salvation. I preached, also, repugnantly [that is, controversially], to maintain Popish doctrine against the heavenly Gospel, the New Testament, and last will of our Saviour Christ. Thus did I wilfully fight against God's word, albeit my conscience cried within me, day and night, ‘*This is not the right way to get eternal life; thou must worship God, and not a stock or stone.*’ Well, it pleased God of His merciful goodness to visit me with grievous sickness, both of body and mind, two days after I made this Latin sermon, which was the Wednesday after St. Peter's ad Vincula his day. Truly then lying very sick in my bed, and more like to die than live, conscience so pricked and disquieted me, that I feared condemnation: my conscience always suggesting and as it were telling me Papistry to be an idolatrous and superstitious religion. Yet for all that I thought that religion to have been best, although I disputed often against the same, insomuch that many of my school-fellows suspected me to have been an heretic, for so term they Protestants. One of you that was prefect of our chamber in the English Seminary may easily gather that I was no true lover of the Gospel, whenas I so sharply spake and preached against the professors thereof. And how unwisely I slept in the coldest time of the year, the last winter, upon hard boards, forsaking my bed—how I scourged myself with whipcords, and how I fasted twice in the week; you may conjecture by this that I was a Papist, which would seek so to shorten mine own life. You know also how I took thereby a vehement cough, with continual spitting, which since your departure grew to a dangerous disease, whereof, I thank God, I am now

recovered. My confessor did advise me to such and so extreme discipline and correction of my body as, had I still followed his directions, I had been dead ere now, and put in the Grotto, for graves have they none at Rome, but vaults. If this be good or wholesome counsel, for a man so to correct himself that he shall be the cause of his own death, judge you. But I left those superstitions, and suffered reason to rule my will, before it was too late; and having recovered my health, I presented myself before the Pope, and obtained leave to go to Rheims, for that the air there was more temperate. I had before that time made an oration and a sermon in the Latin tongue, presented before the Pope and four cardinals, and before all them that were with the Pope in the Consistory. If you, my brethren, deny the assertion thereof, yet, to your shame and my credit, they that shall go to Rome for pleasure sake may safely go to the Pope's prothonotary, dwelling fast by Saint Peter's Church, in the Inquisitory Palace, or to any of his clerks, and there make inquiry of my name, which is registered in three great paper volumes; of such as are always present, writing in chambers, to whom all men without danger may resort: where, turning to my name, they shall find the sermon and oration, containing ten sheets in paper, for the which the Pope gave me great thanks, and so did the cardinals, with all the rest. Moreover (which I had almost forgotten), being before the Pope, I had a wallet for four priests, and a doctor, and others, full of *Agnus Deis*, grana benedicta, medellas, crosses, and beads, with other trashes; and forasmuch as I had never before that time seen the Pope blessing wallets, I did hold the wallet before him, and would have had him to hold it in his lap, and so to have blessed it with his red cap. Well, I never drew back my hand from him until extraordinarily he had blessed it three times, which before that time, as I think, was never seen. So that England is happy, which hath gotten such a wallet, with so many blessings, whereby (perhaps) they may deliver their grandsires apace out of purgatory. It is a strange thing to see what virtue may be thrust into a wallet. O unwise people that trust to such trashes! If I had money plenty, I would get you a thousand blessings; but God bless us all from such hypocritical *Benedicites*!"

The pages which we have already devoted to his work will show clearly enough that we have read Cardinal Wiseman's portly volume through with a due measure of attention. The care expended on its thorough perusal will justify our expression of very decided opinions upon the publication. We feel bound, then, in honesty to say that we are more disappointed by its studied reticence than instructed by its revelations. The author has added little to our knowledge of the public events that mark the Pontificate of his tetralogy of Popes, while his anecdotes are, it must be owned, of a microscopical minuteness, such as scarcely repay the pains of gathering them up. Not only has his Eminence been

governed by a discretion which seems to apprehend the sponge of the "Index Expurgatorius" at his back, but the whole style of the book, in the selection of his matter and his mode of treatment, indicates the presence of a specific aim beyond the mere purpose of amusement, on the one hand, or of information, on the other. We trace in it the culinary skill of an ecclesiastical Soyer or Ude, so proportioning spice and condiment to the known taste of his guests, as to impart a zest and flavour to an unrelishable dish, and seasoning the whole for the English palate. The result is one which does credit to the ability of the *maitre de cuisine*, but reflects little merit, as we take it, on the community for whom he caters. The work is eminently wordy and pictorial, the former partly the vice of the Cardinal's style, but both of set intention and purpose of heart. Our readers have some notion, for most have witnessed it in their school holidays, when young, how the professional juggler engages the attention of the spectator while he contrives his legerdemain. He has his story, his patter, his anecdote; and while he seems most unconcernedly entertaining his auditory with words, he is weaving meantime the magic deception which mimics reality, and yet surpasses belief. Who knows not that half the stock-in-trade of the wizard is his incantation—that witches brew no hell-broth without their prelude hell-song? No one understands this better than Cardinal Wiseman, and he practises it to perfection. We hope we need not explain that in saying thus much we make no impeachment of his morals or his integrity, but simply avouch what to our own apprehension is patent in the method he pursues. While he recalls his reminiscences, and scatters his anecdotes few and far between, he never forgets that he is an ecclesiastic, and a servant of his Church; and nothing is told and nothing withheld, nothing daubed out and nothing painted in, but with a view to commend the institution he supports and professes. He throws dust with inimitable grace—he means to throw it. Robin and Anderson are not more apt at small talk than is his Eminence, and with the same purpose. Expert as a bull-fighter, he first snares with his mantle before he stabs as the *picador*. Astute as the fox, he winds and doubles ostensibly, while he secretly and safely slinks off to his cover. There is to us an immense amount of clerical thimblery, far more than of mere author-craft, in the long-winded array of words which march in goodly procession through the ponderous paragraphs of the Cardinal's book. They are fitted to blind, not enlighten; a veil rather than an apocalypse; a Delphic enigma, not an intelligible guide. This was in a singular and quite spontaneous way the impression made upon us as we wended our course through

these by no means uninteresting pages; but especially were we thus affected in the perusal of the life of the Seventh Pius, which occupies nearly half the volume. There ought not to be less in the shape of incident to declare of that Pontiff, whose life was unusually eventful; yet here the author more than elsewhere indulges in sundry small cataracts or waterspouts of words, that more than once threatened the conquest of our patience, and the interruption of our task. They consist of—but these belong otherwheres as well—unbounded laudations of the glories of ecclesiastical Rome, and of the superhuman virtues of its rulers. This pomp of words and shows we take for what it is worth, but will own that we cannot view without apprehension the calibre, spiritual and intellectual, of those English readers for whom pictures of ecclesiastical ceremonies have charm enough to be an allurements to apostacy. And such is the signification which we attach to our epithet of *pictorial*, as applied to the Cardinal's work. His style and his selection of subjects for description are both sensuous. It is the style which Romanism of itself forms; and Dr. Wiseman has had kindred elements in his nature; so that in his case the training has been easy, and the acquisition perfect. No person can live any length of time in Rome the City without the taste for processions and external delights of Rome the Church developing itself more rapidly than in most places, for there pre-eminently the Church ministers to eye and ear the showy sight, the pleasant sound—the painting and the statue—the colonnade and basilica—the censer and the pomp—the harp and the organ. It is the *genius* of the religion, and no less the *genius loci*; and the two influences bear upon the denizens of the Eternal City with a potency they care not to resist.

And what the actual Rome effects by an insensible charm on the minds of unoccupied residents, and sentimental tourists, aided by the relaxing air, the natural beauty, the easy and accommodating morality of both religion and people—that the Cardinal aims to accomplish by means of his book; and guaging the intellect of the persons for whom it is prepared, our soul is exceedingly filled with the contempt it displays for the Christian faith and common sense of Englishmen. Can it be that the hearts of our countrymen are to be lured like those of little men and maids of nursery existence by the offer of gilt gingerbread, or a pretty picture book? Is the religion of the recent converts to Popery only one of Gothic architecture, “the long-drawn aisle, the fretted vault?” Is it a matter of Pugin and painting—posture-making and perfume—processions, flowers, and banners? Would it die if unfed with altar-dressings suited to ecclesiastical seasons—its white, its red, its green, its

purple, its black? Are lighted candles at midday the flame that attracted the moths? Is the child's play of dressing and undressing during service—the alb and amice, the stole and chasuble—the bowing to the right and curtseying to the left—the palpable unspirituality and puerility of the mass—is it this which has appealed so successfully to the frivolous and earthly natures whom it has besnared? Is their *penchant* for pomp the same as the confessed weakness of the Olympians—

“Nos quoque tangit honos, festis gaudemus, et aris?”

We have seen much of the acted Romanism of all lands, and no little of the heathenism so largely adopted by the human race, and by no feature of their correspondence are we more impressed than by the absence of seriousness characteristic of both. They both have a stern and dark, not to say a sanguinary repressive, side; but the prevailing characteristic of each is levity and lack of thought—a worship that is a compound of farce and fun—a life that only recognises a soul to make a mock of it and its Creator. Now, if this be the sorcery wherewith the Dalilah of Rome has bewitched her votaries out of Protestant communions, we must allow they were easily befooled, and that their folly almost precludes compassion for their delusion. Nevertheless, as these simpletons have souls to be saved, though they now sport themselves with their vain deceivings, we must deplore their ecclesiastic craze, and desire for them an awakening to true wisdom, and the grace of evangelical repentance.

But while we find fault with the superficial and eulogistic character of Cardinal Wiseman's book, slurring over the failings of his four Popes, or rather hiding the fact that they had any failings at all, we condemn the discretion which has shut out altogether allusion to the secular disorders of the Popedom. A little more candour here would have won more credit elsewhere. In the strange combination of secular and spiritual powers in the person of the Pope, the prince can never be separated from the Pontiff. It is, therefore, quite impossible, with due regard to truth, to pass over the condition of the people, while descanting on the merits of their ruler, even though policy or fancy should dictate a descant on the priestly rather than the princely virtues of the sovereign. The Cardinal does indeed make something of an apology for the want of material progress in the States of the Church, based upon the want of means, but he is wholly, or almost wholly, silent upon national disorders and discontents.

Not one word does he say of that mass of abuses, civil and social, executive and legislative, foreign and domestic, which

have made the States of the Church a byword amongst politicians, for inefficiency and wrong. A mediæval system of legislation and finance, a purblind retrogradation where advance was required, a repression of uttered or published thought, a monopoly of administration by the clergy, a dread and persecution of talent, a discountenance of enlightened men at the universities, the Sanfedisti with their theocratic championship of the Church, the charitable institutions administered exclusively by the clergy, the barbarous imprisonment in the Ghetto for the Jews, the factions which injustice fostered, the liberal dogs and conservative cats of Faenza, the brigandage which resisted all feeble attempts at suppression, and the chronic state of insurrection against their sovereigns maintained by the Romans from the restoration of the Pope in 1815—of all this not a word.

We find no gibbeting for general scorn of such names as the crazy Pallotta, the crafty Benvenuti, the relentless Rivarola, the inquisitorial Invernizzi, the stern Bernetti, the pliant Albani, the mercenary Baratelli, the factious Babini, the infamous Canosa, the haughty Lambruschini, the servile Mattei, the rigid Spinola, the severe Brignola, the ill-savoured Vannicelli, the extravagant Tosti, the spying Freddi, the traitorous Partesotti, the hard Massimo, the scandalous Della Genga, the minion Moroni, the forger Grossi, the loathsome Fontana, the cruel Barbieri, all persons of more or less notoriety, during the reigns of the four Pontiffs annotated by our author. The fact that these persons held posts of signal importance in the administration of the Popedom, during a period exceeding thirty years, is deeply discreditable to those sovereign personages whom the Cardinal represents as an incarnation of benevolence and virtue. The influence of some of these wretches was the proverbial back-stairs influence, the least creditable and most dangerous of all; while that of others, scarcely less prejudicial, was of that official kind which sprang from, and was characteristic of, sacerdotal rule, and necessarily and habitually inflamed and exasperated the people. By the time that these four model rulers of the Church, and of the Church's patrimony in central Italy, had been gathered to their fathers, the country was ripe for that outburst of democratic and civic rage which issued in the flight of Pius IX. and its consequences, a series of events into which we do not purpose to enter. When, however, Gregory XVI. died, the following was the condition of affairs in Rome: all the thinking men in the states, outside of the priestly order, were arrayed against the government; the native troops were few, ill-disciplined, ill-trained, and not to be trusted; commerce was confined, and

smuggling was universal; the police was arbitrary and insolent; the taxes were heavy and ill-allotted; citizens were not equal in the eye of the laws, exemptions for privileged classes abounding; an annual deficit existed in the revenue, which was trafficked in by anticipation, and there was no audit of accounts; instruction and education were inadequate in everything; censorship of the press was harsh and bigoted; thousands upon thousands of citizens were living under the express *surveillance* of the authorities; the exiles amounted to upwards of two thousand, and ten years afterwards, thirty thousand; the prisons were crowded with political offenders, while criminals of all kinds and of the deepest dye walked abroad with impunity; military commissions for trial of political offenders sat in permanence; the nobility were alienated from the government, or hostile to it; the burgher class, the heart and soul of a nation, at enmity with the priests; the followers of the court voluptuous, effeminate, servile, worthless; the lower classes superstitious and ill-taught, yet ripe for revolution, and always discontented; the rural priesthood ignorant, poor, but generally in decent repute, with exceptions of impure and wealthy, hypocritical and unworthy members, especially in the city itself; and, finally, the whole body of foreign diplomatists were constrained to employ all their craft and influence to sustain the government against its own subjects; to induce the executive to rule moderately and wisely; to keep up the semblance of decency in the relations of subject and sovereign; and to avoid becoming the scorn and laughing-stock of all the governments of the world. So far as the Cardinal's volume would regulate the judgment, our conclusion must be, that the Popedom had wise and gentle administrators, and loyal and happy lieges: the one reluctant to govern, the other delighted to wear the easy yoke. Never were there such faultless princes as the Piuses, the Gregories, and the Leos, according to Wiseman, and it is only when one turns away from "*The Romance of the Four Popes*," to confront the stern facts of the history of the modern Popedom, that he arrives at anything like correct impressions of events and characters as they were. The anecdotes are a Cyropædia of the Papacy, in which each succeeding Pontiff is a Cyrus, an accomplished and exemplary prince, in learning a marvel, in spirit a confessor, in morals a saint. The author who would convey such an impression to his readers, ought to be quite sure that they had forgetful memories, or a limited curriculum of historical instruction. Without attacking the private character of any one of the Pontiffs embalmed in the Cardinal's cabinet, we have shown sufficient reason in the turbulence, discontent, misery, and rebellion, prevalent during

their reigns, to dash the rose-hue of their portraiture with shade, and to induce a state of historic doubt as to the unqualified correctness of the representation. The extreme complaisance which his Eminence displays towards the occupants of the Holy See, of itself would awaken suspicion, it so closely resembles the special pleading of the advocate, who, at all hazards, maintains the innocence of his client and asks for a verdict in his favour, professing at the same time his own profoundest conviction of his blamelessness. In the case before us, this process consists of a predetermined silence and suppression respecting the unfavourable side of his brief, while the other side the pleader raises to a seventh heaven of perfection. With the blind instinct of a lover, or with the shrewd policy an ecclesiastic, we shall not decide which, Cardinal Wiseman can see no faults in the object of his regard. To judge by the tone of his work, the infallibility of Popes is, with his Eminence, more than a mere dogma—it has become a principle of his moral nature—a thread of his natural life. When the Popes act this-wise he approves, and when they act otherwise he still approves. The old comedian has drawn his portrait:—

“ Quicquid dicunt, laudo ; id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque :
Negat quis, nego ; ait, aio. Postremo imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia assentari : is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus.”

Now, when a man of acknowledged powers and learning, like Cardinal Wiseman, acts thus, it does not necessarily invite our imitation—rather it makes us pause, and emphasizes the caution : “ *Prove* all things—hold fast that which is good.”

ART. II.—SAMUEL BROWN'S LECTURES AND ESSAYS.

Lectures on the Atomic Theory, and Essays, Scientific and Literary.
By Samuel Brown. Edinburgh : Constable and Co. London :
Hamilton and Co.

THERE is a great amount of uncommon thought in these volumes, and their writer was a man of uncommon style, both in spirit and expression. He was the son of Samuel Brown, the eighth son of John Brown, the well-known author of “*The Self-interpreting Bible*,” and “*The Dictionary of the Bible*.” He was born in Haddington, 1817, and died in Edinburgh in his thirty-ninth year. Immediately after taking his degree of

M.D., in the University of Edinburgh, 1839, he began to lecture on the recondite subjects here brought before us. During the winter of 1840—41, he was associated as a lecturer with the late Edward Forbes—"heu nimium brevis avi decus et desiderium." In 1843 he was a candidate for the chair of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, and was next and very near the successful candidate—Dr. Gregory. That a man only twenty-six should nearly succeed to that chair, is a strong evidence that he possessed high qualifications for the office. Failing, however, in this object of his ambition, he at once retired, and devoted himself to the one labour of his brief life, the realizing by experiment his doctrine of the atomic constitution of bodies, and in this aim he was *only* a little less than successful. "One God, one law, *one element*," seems to have been his motto. And as his widow, who ably edits these volumes, well observes, "*if* Dr. Brown's doctrine of the transmutability and unity of matter be established, the *relevancy* of which, to use Dr. Chalmers' happy expression, may be held to be already proved, it will be to the science of the molecular constitution of matter, as much as Newton's doctrine of gravitation was to the celestial dynamics." Here we cannot but emphasize the *if*, for scarcely are the men and the time for the *establishment* of that doctrine yet arrived. Had the herald of that doctrine been permitted to continue his labours, the doctrine, probably, would either have been demolished or established by this time. We hope some man of equal energy, immediateness, and singleness of purpose, will soon be found to enter on his labours and win the reward. "Appearing ere the times were ripe, he withered in all the leaves and promise of his spring." But these volumes are full of interest, in a scientific and psychological point of view; they will not remain fruitless, but many an idea, now in embryo within them, will find the *nidus* of their development in other minds.

The religious element was predominant in the constitution of Dr. Brown's mind, and, of course, it took a scientific direction and expression; for a man's science is necessarily a portion of his creed, a portion of what he regards as true, and, therefore, so far related to the Divine revelation in its operation on his faculties, since it is his mode of reading the will of God as expressed in the laws of creation. Science, in short, consists of our ideas of facts, or the impressions on our minds derived from the observation of phenomena; or the apparent qualities of things in relation to each other. Its extent is limited to the measure of man's capacity to examine and to estimate the constitution of the earth which we inhabit, and also that of the mind, by which we are enabled to think about it; that is to

say, we are truly scientific only just so far as we know ourselves and the other works of God. Hence it happens, that feeling how diminutive is the power of man to penetrate the mysterious profundities of nature, and how incapable his faculties are of following the wisdom of the Almighty, as evinced in the creation of mind and matter, the most scientific man is the most humble, and the wisest the most devout, for he is ever finding occasion to utter within his heart, "O the depth, and the height, and the breadth!" The little that he perceives in each object that he investigates, affords evidence in itself that the Might which made that object must "extend beyond extent," and that his utmost effort to comprehend what is made must fail, whether contemplated in relation to the minute or the magnificent.

Probably, this overwhelming sense of the smallness of man's science, is best seen in the hypotheses and theories he has invented in order to form a conception of the forces resident in matter, and, perhaps, best of all in that which is called "the atomic theory;" the method inferred, or invented by that most humble and most highly endowed man, Dalton. He endeavoured to explain the ultimate constitution of the elements, that is to say, the form, force, and relation of the indivisible particles of which the elements must be conceived to consist, their indivisibility, of course, being a fact only, because the will of their Maker has set limits to division, though the mind must ever conceive of even the least particle of matter as yet possessed of dimensions, and, therefore, still capable of separation into parts *ad infinitum*, as a mere mental act. We here see how physics and metaphysics are necessarily associated, in every exercise of the intellect by which we would determine the ideas in our minds concerning the nature of anything; for even in conceiving of a thing as merely possessing parts and proportions, we are led at once to a depth beyond the fathoming of intellect, and, in short, we are conducted to the infinite, as directly in thinking of the invisible world of atoms, as in looking into the boundless heavens.

All the worlds of the rolling universe must be conceived as formed of atoms, that is to say, all that is vast and boundless is made up of that which is inconceivably small, in the fixed limit of its form. Now that we are right in regarding the notion of an atom of matter, as the deduction from what is, to that which is inconceivable, will be seen if we ask ourselves, What is an atom? In the words of Dr. Samuel Brown, "the atomic theory of matter is the hypothesis that each sensible form (a crystal, drop, or breath of air), is made up of homœomeric parts, indivisible by such forces as are competent to the

division of their aggregates. These parts are called particles, molecules, atoms."

"This hypothesis supposes, for instance, that a piece of sulphur may be mechanically divided and subdivided till it shall be all broken up into a multitude of equal particles, incapable of further subdivision, by such forces as have thus far divided the piece, and possessing all the properties of the piece, except such as resulted to it from their own coaggregation in its form, solidity, fusibility, yellowness, and others. This illustration implies, that an atom is neither solid, nor liquid, nor gasiform."—P. 16.

Now what is our conception of an atom from this definition? Surely a thing that is neither solid, nor liquid, nor gasiform, is a thing not to be conceived of by us.

There may be, as Dumas, "the finest genius now cultivating science," seems to think, some unknown force in nature itself capable of resolving the so-called chemical atoms; "a new law of constitution may begin at the line of the elements, just as that of chemical composition succeeds that of mechanical aggregation, beginning with the more complex atoms, and ending with the elements" (p. 17). Of course, the atomic theory cannot be demonstrated, and it is at present but a hypothetical premiss giving coherency to every ascertained fact, and affording a salient point for inquiry. Our author looked for that "*tertium quid*," "that unknown manifestation of analytical power," as he names it, which shall divide the now known nominal elements, and he very pertinently shows in few words, how the idea of atoms is to be reasoned on mathematically:—

"Each atom must be defined as a point repulsive up to a given generated periphery, then attractive to a diameter polar to that of the first sphere, then repulsive, and so on, just as the sun is to the astronomer a centre of ascertained comparative force."—P. 34.

So, then, an atom is to be conceived of only as—

"A molecular nucleus surrounded by five polar spheres of force: *the first*, that of repulsion, which is never overpassed in the chemical, any more than the first repulsive sphere of the sun is in astronomical, operations of nature; *the second*, that of proper chemical affinity; *the third*, that of the repulsion which hinders the compression of a solid body by surrounding forces; *the fourth*, the attractive sphere of solidiformity; and *the fifth*, the repulsive sphere of gasiformity. It is not meant that there are no more than five spheres of force; but only that the chemical atomician, contemplating matter under the conditions of gasiformity, liquidity, solidity, and chemical combination, has to consider these five alone."—P. 64.

We bring these passages together, as conveying the substance of Dr. Samuel Brown's views of the atomic theory. He thus

illustrates the action of the five spheres of force, but he seems to take us beyond the five supposed spheres, to a sphere of his own, on which he founds his belief of the possibility of the transmutation of one element into another.

"A particle of hydrogen, revolving like a planet round oxygen, on their outermost spheres of repulsion, produces the smallest mass of these gases, diffused by Dalton's law in the ratio of particle to particle; revolving round oxygen on the second outermost spheres of repulsion, they should produce the smallest mass of an analogous solidiform substance, which, however, cannot exist, inasmuch as if the mutual repulsion of oxygen to oxygen and hydrogen to hydrogen, in contiguous molecules, could be so far constrained as to admit of such composition, there were no opponent force to hinder their compression into the more intimate union of chemical combination. And, lastly, a particle of hydrogen revolving round an oxygen on their third outermost (i.e., innermost) spheres of repulsion, produces a particle of the compound, water. Two particles of oxygen revolving round each other at their outermost spheres of repulsion, is the smallest mass of gaseous oxygen; revolving on the second outermost sphere of repulsion, the smallest mass of solid oxygen; and revolving on the third outermost (i.e., innermost) spheres of repulsion, they would be chemically combined, and the two particles of oxygen transmuted by such combination into one compound particle of some other element, say sulphur, for the present. The former illustration shows, that all the common phenomena of the combination of heterogeneous particles is, to say the least, equally intelligible by the old and the new hypothesis. The latter does more, for it furnishes the cue to the explanation of a class of facts, discovered only in the latest times, for which the old hypothesis makes no provision—the facts of isomerism among compound bodies."—Pp. 65, 66.

"This definition of the five spheres is big with suggestions for new discovery. If this theory of isomerism be the truth of nature, then the fifty-five elements [*sic*], which no invented torture has been able to unfold, may be isomerically compound, and, by necessity, indissoluble by the kind of forces by which experimenters of every age have hitherto striven to wrench their constituents. If a particle of boron be a compound of two carbon atoms, it shall be impossible to decompose it, and extract carbon out of boron; if silicon consist of two borons chemically combined, it shall be vain to attempt the extrication of either boron or carbon from silicon; and so on, with the metals and other elements. Another kind of analytical force must be sought and found before such combinations can be solved; or synthesis must be had recourse to in order to realize the hypothesis: two carbons must be made to unite chemically, so as to produce one boron; two borons to produce one silicon; or four carbons to produce one silicon; just as two cyanogens are forced to combine in the production of one paracyanogen. It is evident that, if any one element be transmutable into another by this species of self-involution, it is easy to construct a hypothesis which should

represent any number of quasi-elements (not to limit it to fifty-five) proceeding from the successive involutions of only one kind of particles; and thus, once for all, the conception which was finally lost at the birth of the sceptical chemistry of modern times, is not only restored, but adapted to the latest results of the science."—Pp. 67—70.

Whether we regard the atomic theory as propounded by Dalton, on the supposition that the elements of substances consist of indivisible particles of the same given size and shape, and having each a specific weight, or whether, as here propounded by Dr. Brown, we regard the ultimate disposal of matter as consisting of spheres of force capable of various modifications and relations to each other, still the theory of combination in definite proportion remains the same. Whatever the method and mode of explanation concerning chemical combination, the laws of that combination admit of no difference of opinion, and it must be acknowledged by all observers, that the combination between two bodies results from the union of a certain proportional weight of the one, and a certain proportional weight of the other, and if an excess of either ingredient of the compound be present, it must remain uncombined and unchanged. Thus one part of hydrogen by weight combines, with eight parts of oxygen by weight, to form water; but if these gases were united in proportions of one hydrogen to twelve oxygen, their combination being effected, would leave four parts of oxygen free and unchanged. Hence, the combining power of the forces or elements may always be expressed by numbers, standing—hydrogen, 1; oxygen, 8; carbon, 6; nitrogen, 14; sulphur, 16; and so on, the numbers expressing their relative weights, and the proportions in which they must combine, for the constituents of any chemical compound replace each other exactly in the proportions in which they combine, so that it follows, that if we know the proportion in which any one body combines with a number of others, we also know the proportions in which they combine, and replace each other. Through this discovery we see how rigidly exact the science of chemistry becomes, and how beautifully the symbolical language of number serves to express in a simple, compact manner the constitution of any compound body, by appending to the first letter of the name of any substance its equivalent number. Thus we ever discover, that the laws of nature are, by their Originator, suited to the faculties of man; for whereas memory would be burdened beyond its power, with the infinite number of particulars, we now "bind them in bundles," to use a phrase of Locke's, and label them in a manner which renders them perfectly comprehensible, and very convenient for use. We

cannot too much admire the fact, that human science is possible only because the Creator has, so to say, arranged and classified objects in order, by weight and number, and given man capacity to discern and follow this order: a proof sufficient that the study of science is a truly Christian employment, as tending, in an especial manner, to exalt our apprehension of *His* wisdom and beneficence, without whom nothing was made. The study of chemical science is peculiarly suited to fortify, as well as expand, the faculties, by engaging them in a habit of order and foresight. "We can now see, that the progress of science must inevitably reduce the whole of organic chemistry, in which we must remember only the same three or four elements [oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen] are perpetually met with, to a collection of homologous series, in which every compound will have its natural place, indicative at once of its origin, its immediate derivation, and its properties, both physical and chemical."

We may here introduce a few observations on the nature of "*force*," for in speaking of atoms and affinities, we speak of something *more* than matter. Whatever it be that constitutes substance, the "*force*" which makes it what it is, like itself is *convertible* and *indestructible*; that is to say, it may be divided, transformed, or transfused, but can never be lost. This is true of all we know of force, physically considered—light, heat, electricity, magnetism, momentum, chemical affinity, gravitation, and elasticity. Probably, either one of these may be converted into any other. Take heat—by concentration, it becomes light; by expansion, in a medium, such as water, it becomes momentum, as in the steam-engine. Electricity is light in the electric spark, heat in the fine wire, magnetism in the soft iron surrounded by the coil, momentum in the electromagnetic engine. Momentum changes into light and heat by percussion and friction, and into electricity, as in the electric machine. It is *indestructible*, because it is *convertible*, for in transferring force, what is lost in one form is found in another. One ball strikes another—the one struck takes the momentum, the other is at rest; but fire a bullet on a rock, it conveys no impulse, but it produces heat equal to the impulse lost. Force is capable of being stored up in quiescence, and it is so stored in nature. Hydrogen and oxygen are stores of heat and light, which again lie latent in the water, resulting from their union, but the chemist can bring them into action.

But, perhaps, the most interesting fact is the relation existing between the forces of dead matter, and those of life. Heat, light, and electricity are at work in forming organic matter, as converted into living force: first, in a vegetable form,

and thence to animal. Vegetables live under the influence of light and heat, and by converting inorganic matter into their own substances; but animals require the intervening action of vegetable life, for animal life is sustained only on that which has lived or been organized. Here we have an ascending scale of forces, convertible the one into the other, from inorganic matter to vegetable tissue and animal substance—from the dead earth up to the highest visible life; why not one step higher? Why may not spirit-life be only a third translation of the original force? Thus light, heat, electricity, are forces, converting the inorganic or dead matter to form the organic or living: 1st. Vegetable life; 2nd. Animal life; 3rd. Spirit-life. For aught we know, the spirit-life may send its force down, transferring itself into animal; animal to vegetable and even to inorganic, in form of light, heat, and electricity. Now, if no power but that of the Maker of power can destroy any force, and if spirit-force, a more real force than any quality of matter, exist, as we know it does, then it must continue to exist, though other forces destroy the body.

We are conducted back to the alchemists by Dr. Brown; and we find the fulfilment of their dream of "the Great Mystery," "the mother of all the elements, and the grandmother of all the stars, trees, and carnal creatures;" for it is thus to be understood, "that all things proceeded out of one matter, and not every particular thing out of its own private matter by itself," as Paracelsus expressed himself; or, in the language of Dr. Brown: "Two particles of one element, say oxygen, revolving in the third outermost (i.e., the innermost) sphere of repulsion, they would be chemically combined, and the two particles of oxygen transmuted by such combination into one compound particle of some other element," as before said. Whether we have a clearer notion of the possibility of the transmutation of lead into gold, on such data, is rather doubtful; yet we cannot but admire the sagacity and adroitness with which Dr. Brown accounts for the wondrous production of vastly different substances in appearance and property from the combination of the very same elements in the very same proportions, by showing how the atoms of the same element may take, so to say, different spheres of force, and thus render it possible for the same element to *combine* with itself! This is well illustrated in the production of cyanogen and paracyanogen—for the former is gaseous, and the later solid—yet both contain the very same elements in the same proportions, namely, nitrogen 1 + carbon 2. "The new hypothesis of five spheres of force renders their relation at once intelligible. Paracyanogen is a compound of cyanogen with

itself!—two particles of cyanogen revolving round each other on their innermost spheres of repulsion, produce the new compound of homogeneous particles, paracyanogen, which must consequently contain carbon and nitrogen in the same proportions as cyanogen" (p. 66). "The *posteriori* test confirms this conclusion," says Dr. Brown; "for if heat to any extent were applied to paracyanogen, the two cyanogen particles could not be separated from each other as such." But we may as well say that water, steam, and ice, are *compounds* of something with itself, instead of *forms* of the same thing, in different relations to heat, as say that cyanogen is not cyanogen when it appears in the solid *form*, named paracyanogen.

We do not see, however, that if this theory of isomerism be the truth of nature, it follows that because different atoms of the same element *may* be in different spheres of force, with regard to each other, and so present different appearances of the same elements, that, therefore, by the same law, the different elements, so called, may be but one, with its atoms in different spheres of force, in relation to each other. This, Dr. Brown desired, but was not destined, to prove; for though long he tried, he ever failed to show that even boron and silicon, so nearly alike, are but isomeric forms of the same element; so that, after all, the grand dream of the alchemists remains to be fulfilled, unless, indeed, it be all a dream, and not a vision and a prophecy.

We question, indeed, whether the very idea of creation as a fixity of forces in relation to each other, does not involve the necessity of permanent variety, and, therefore, unalterable conditions in the existence of the elementary forces constituting that variety. Would it not be a contradiction to reason, to assert the contrary? For if the forces have power to alter their relations to each other, and each force have power of forming new spheres of force to itself, we have the incomprehensible proposition, if not absurdity, that one thing may become another thing, and yet remain itself! The very existence of material identity, all chemical changes notwithstanding, would then be a delusion, and all the teaching of chemistry a mistake. There is not, and there cannot be, a fact to warrant such a notion, for if the identity of the element be lost, the power of detecting it is also lost, and we cannot prove that a transformation is a transmutation, until we can prove that this thing may be that, and two very different things, such as lead and gold, may be identically the same thing. We, therefore, think that Dr. Brown laboured, like the alchemists, under a delusion.

There is a sublime thought in immediate relation to this

interesting subject of the first consequence, religiously considered, for as Sir John Herschel well said before the Royal Society in 1845,—“These discoveries of chemistry effectually destroy the idea of an external, self-existent matter, by giving to each of its atoms at once the essential characteristics of a manufactured article, and a subordinate agent.” When Isaiah asked, “Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?” he meant and implied, that God had done so, and, therefore, that every atom must combine with other atoms in definite proportions, because the nicety of weight and measure which pertains to the largest masses and the vastest extents, must, of course, also pertain to the minutest particle which goes to make up those masses in their mightiest dimensions. Dr. Brown wisely illustrates his conception of atoms by reference to astronomical principles, and the forces regulating the sun and the planets in relation to each other.

“The analogy on which I mean to assert the logical propriety of the homœomeric doctrine as naturally possible, is the profound analogy which subsists between chemistry and astronomy, of which sciences each is visible by reflection in the other. It is difficult to unfold this thought in the way of ascending induction of particulars, and I beg you to let me lay down my positions in the form of some dogmatic paragraphs, resting on the assumption of atoms; so that the analogy failing, the assumed premiss shall fail also, so far as the pretended analogy is concerned:—

“I. Astronomy is the science of the super-sensible or heavenly bodies, meaning by the phrase, those parts of which the firmaments of the sky are aggregates, and of which solar and planetary systems are *tertia aliqua*; parts known to be in themselves divisible, never divided in the astronomical operations of nature, probably indivisible by such forces as may divide their aggregates and *tertia aliqua*, and not visible in perspective, by reason of their magnitude and distance. Chemistry is the science of the sub-sensible bodies or atoms; meaning by the phrase, those parts of which the sensible forms of the earth are aggregates, and of which more and less compound molecules are *tertia aliqua*; parts not known to be essentially indivisible, never divided in the chemical operations of nature, indivisible by such forces as divide their aggregates and *tertia aliqua*, and not visible individually, by reason of their infinitesimal dimensions and proximity. The differences, with distinction of these two definitions, are manifestly referable to the accident of man the definer's position among the worlds.

“II. Astronomy is twofold, its objects being contemplated both as existing variously combined in space, and as agents of events taking place in time. Statical astronomy discovers what celestial

bodies exist, and in what combinations they exist; and dynamical astronomy determines the phenomena in which these bodies bear their parts, and what parts they bear. The former observes the earth and moon, and that by combination they produce the terrestrial system; Jupiter with his satellites, and that they constitute the system of Jupiter; the sun, planets, satellites, and comets, the several ingredients of that vast unit—the solar system, which again, enters into the composition of our firmament; a fabric which, how magnificent soever to apprehension, does, in reality, sustain no more comparable a proportion to the world of firmaments, than the compound molecule of a crystal salt to the mass which is the product of its indefinite aggregation. The latter eliminates from observations the laws expressed by the motions of these, and traces the causes and effects of such movements. In like manner is chemistry twofold. Statical chemistry discovers what atoms exist, and in what combinations they exist. The dynamics of the science should explain the phenomena which atoms concur to produce, and determine the share of each in the production of these phenomena.”—Pp. 22—24.

“The analogy of the milky way, doubtless, carried the swift imagination of Democritus to the conception of a star-like constitution for the sensible forms of nature. The atomic theory is just the fact of the unitary world of stars come down and imaged in a dew-drop, or taking a sand-grain for its orrery. It is this analogy, in truth, which at once constitutes its clearness and perfection as a thought, and legitimatizes it in the presence of a positive methodology.”—P. 129.

Should it be hereafter proved, that the sixty-five substances now supposed to be elementary, are still susceptible of further division, it would only increase the premises, and strengthen the calculation against the doctrine of chance; and if all the elements should be demonstrably found to be only different forms, or spheres of force, in different relations, it would only demonstrate that the laws of the Almighty are the ground of all existence; for truly every atomic theory, with every mode of explaining chemical action as propounded by those most intimate with the ultimate forces of nature, shows that nothing is ever lost, simply because all things, real or possible, are necessarily referred to God's will. As Brown well says,—“The world of matter, known and believed by faith, the world of spirit known and believed by faith, and these made contemporaneously one by that transcending faith in conscience, is the universe. This tripod is the immovable foundation on which all the sciences are to be builded up” (p. 342). What Sir John Herschel says of gravity, is equally applicable to any form of force, that is to say, to all existence—it is “the result of a *consciousness or will existing somewhere*, though beyond our

power to trace."—(Outlines of Astronomy, p. 265.) Thus, after all, the researches and discoveries of science are but proofs, and *à posteriori* evidences of what might have been inferred at once by a reason equal to the great argument, from the fact, that all things are created by the omnipotent fiat of perfect Wisdom. Substance is indeed the power of God. The history of science is, in short, merely the record of man's mistakes and misunderstandings, except so far as science manifests that fact. If philosophers had always started in their endeavours after discovery, with the feeling that there was one God of the one universe, they would have discovered more, since they would have known what they were to look for, even a unity of design in all the diversities of operation, and that always in relation to the mental constitution of man, as addressed by the mind that made him.

"The day will soon enough be here when posterity will smile at the Baconians of the eighteenth century, who brought themselves to think of the Bible, for example, as nothing more than an organon of priestcraft; at the positivists of the nineteenth, who discovered that thought, emotion, passion, and will, are but the imponderable products of chemical or other physical actions in the brain; at the physicists of to-day, who have entertained such images of the materializing fancy, as the matter of light, caloric, electric fluids, and what not! Perhaps the time is not distant when young children will wonder at not a few things belonging to the truth of ingenuous observation, which we are yet slow to receive; for credulity of temper is even more strikingly exemplified in bigoted unbelief of the credible, than in too great a facility of conviction. In fine, there is probably as much nonsense believed, and as much truth rejected, in these our own times, as at any other period."—P. 163.

Though chemists have, with more wit than manners, been called—

"Nasty, soaking, greasy fellows,
Knaves would brain you with their bellows;
Hapless, sapless, crusty sticks,
Blind as smoke can make the bricks!"—

yet for the practical application of results, as well as for insight into Nature's operations, we are probably more indebted to the chemists than to any other class of natural philosophers. A rapid glance over the sketch of the history of chemistry, and especially, perhaps, the life of such a man as Sir Humphrey Davy, as reviewed by Dr. Brown, will suffice to show that the "humanities of science" are more remarkably administered by this science than by any other.

Our readers would be rewarded, could they read Dr. Brown's

sketch of alchemy and the alchemists, also. We will briefly state what they believed.

I. They believed in the alcahest, or universal solvent. It is no wonder they never found it, since, of course, a substance that would dissolve all others could never be kept contained in any vessel. Nevertheless, this solvent has been discovered and isolated by modern chemists, and it proves to be fluorine,—a substance found in combination with the metallic base of lime, calcicum, and forming Derbyshire spar. It is akin to chlorine, bromine, and iodine. Its existence was first only inferred by analogy, and then it occurred to the brothers Knox, that fluor-spar being already saturated with it might be made into vessels that would hold this thing of irresistible chemical action. Such vessels were made, and Faraday has experimented upon this intense thing, and found it to be an orange coloured gas.

II. They believed in the transmutation of metals, on grounds already indicated. This belief or idea in the transmutation of metals, is as old as Thales, and as recent as Davy and Brown. It is an ineradicable instinct of science, and if Dr. Brown's hypothesis of the molecular forces be correct, this second problem of alchemy may yet be solved like the first.

III. They believed in the existence of a universal medicine capable of curing all curable diseases, and prolonging life. They did not succeed in finding it, any more than any of the modern medical schemers have done. They are dead; and the very counsel that poor, proud, debauched Paracelsus thundered in the astonished ears of his contemporaries, is that which we now hear, namely, that we can scarcely do better than go back to the time of Hippocrates, and learn to observe how nature causes and cures diseases. With regard to the discoveries of the alchemists, the field is wide and open, but we will not enter it, though, doubtless, we should find very much of singular interest, and not a little both of warning and instruction, in those dim and spectral regions of scientific development.

“We should visit the weak as well as the strong; for there were the weaker brethren in those religious days of science as well as now. What buried figures we should descry, intent with sweating brains upon the last projection! What minglings of the glare of the furnace with the unearthly glow of a magnificent but misdirected spirit of enthusiasm! What perilous balancings of the spirit between the dread extremes of imposture and insanity! What thin lights and solid shadows we should behold in the murkier hours of that merely starlight night of history! What agonies of mind and heart! Ideals how sublime, realities how paltry! It was their lifelong struggle to bring a lofty but imperfect theory of nature into effective unison with the inflexible phenomena of the world of facts.

They did not succeed, and they have passed away. Peace be with them; for alas! the life of the visionary is the same feverish, uncalculating, unsatisfying, weary, and maddening discipline in all ages; and there are as many of those not unlovely maniacs in the epoch of Chancellor Bacon and Humboldt, as ever there were in that of Friar Bacon and Paracelsus."—P. 184.

In the second volume we have essays and papers which were published in certain periodicals: "The Finite and the Infinite," "Nature and Man," "Lay Sermons," "George Herbert," "David Scott," "The Theory of Small Doses (Homœopathy)," "Physical Puritanism (Hydropathy, &c.)," "The Methodology of Mesmerism," "Animal Magnetism," "Ghosts and Ghost-seers." In his essay on the Finite and the Infinite there are many grand thoughts, perhaps too quaintly uttered to be readily received by minds accustomed to the conventionalities of formal piety and the phraseology of verbal confession. But it is a sublime employment to follow the process by which a mind familiar with *analysis* comes to discover the value of *faith* as the evidence of things not seen, and the substance of things hoped for, because it assures us of the *personality* of our God, and enables us to take the word to our bosoms as the undoubted expression of *His* heart in response to the demands of *our* own vast necessities, as sinful and immortal beings. Truly to feel on what grounds it is the inalienable prerogative of man to pray unto God is worth all the philosophy in the world. Prayer demonstrates man's relation to God, and puts him, so to say, into possession of that spiritual kingdom of which man is himself the seat and God the glory. Man sees God as he is seen, eye to eye, as Dr. Brown says—

"by intuition, not by tuition. It is by faith. Let the process be entitled as it may, the beholding is not mediate. It is more immediate than bodily sight."—Vol. II., p. 3.

He goes into the darkness, however, to prove the nature of the light, and spends more words than they deserve on metaphysical speculations; but he comes out clear-sighted enough to discern the worth of prayer, as the converse of the soul with its Maker and Saviour; and sees that while few men can be sages, it behoves all to be saints, whose very breath should be prayer. Thus he concludes his essay on Nature and Man in these words:—

"There is a form above them all [i.e., artists, poets, sages] as far as the heaven is above the earth. It is the saint. He realizes, or wrestles to realize, the ideal life. A true life is the wisest philosophy; a beautiful life is the noblest work of art. Its melody is music, its repose is the perfection of form, its radiance colours the

world with celestial hues, its eye builds everywhere a fane ; and a good life is the only true and beautiful theology."—Vol. II., p. 44.

This ought to be followed by his words in another essay, on the fidianism of St. Paul :—

"To know our duty on the right 'ground' and 'evidence' is the first part of Christianity ; to do it with all our might is the unavoidable consequence of such knowledge of it. As for the rationale of Christianity, the life, we can never understand it ; but if we in any measure practise it, we shall be glad to bless God, who worketh in us to will and do, according to His good pleasure."—Vol. II., p. 59.

He gives us lay sermons on the theory of Christianity, concerning which he would probably have been more severely critical in his riper experience as a Christian than we are now disposed to be. He endeavours to show that the argument from design, as advanced by Paley, is equal to nothing ; but we would contend that as the facts of physiology and anatomy exist, the argument from *design* will outweigh every other ; for in spite of all the abstractions of transcendental logicians, we believe only on evidence. It is true that *THROUGH FAITH we understand that the worlds were FRAMED by God* ; but it is because we see that they are *framed* (ordered with a design, adjusted), and then say, "Who could have thus framed them?" that we obtain an apprehension of the Eternal Power and Godhead. The faith of the Bible is always a faith in facts presented on palpable evidences or credible attestation ; but of course where the mind is incapable, either through ignorance or inattention, of inferring design from the order of things, or of understanding the cogency of testimony when in keeping with previously known truth, then nothing remains for that poor mind but to follow the fashion in its creed ; or, with a pantheistic accommodation, to make as many idols or conceptions of Deity as there are breaks in the continuity of its knowledge. If reason, rightly exercised, does not lead the thought from the investigation of any created thing to the Creator, as St. Paul and Socrates both taught, then polytheism is reasonable, and the rain-makers of Bechuana are about as clearly religious in their worship of the clouds as our philosophers who confer on the laws of nature the honour due only to the Lawgiver. Doubtless we believe in the being of the Incomprehensible One on the same grounds that we believe in our own incomprehensible existence. If we are persons, He who made us is a person ; if our existence is self-evident, it is equally self-evident that our Creator exists ; and standing on this foundation, we look abroad upon the worlds for the illustrations of His attributes, and find in His uttered word

the science of all final causes, directing all our sublimest faculties to their rest in the knowledge of Himself. For, in fact, not to look from order to the Orderer, and from the universe to the Universal God, is as unreasonable as to learn the moral law and to read the life of Christ without feeling that our Maker stands in that spiritual relationship unto us which implies His character as an Instructor and a Saviour.

"The theory is begun whenever the largest proposition is established on the right foundation. Those old traditionary records which Moses, guided by the inspiration of God, has put before the national history of the Hebrews in the book of Genesis are, so far as literature is concerned, the foundation of the great theory now contemplated: God made, and is over all. Then a line of inspired seers predicted, and at last Jesus Christ affirmed and transacted the second capital fact of the theory, and the proposition of the atonement was laid down. Minor, but still principal, elements succeeded in their order; and the Apostles completed the first round of the succession of circles that are to follow. The succeeding circles shall undulate around Revelation as a propagative centre of force, wave succeeding wave, not in years, but in great centuries of research. The idea of positive science, nascent at the revival of letters in modern Europe, and now in the process of its completed manifestation, has hitherto been disrupted and out of tune; but it begins to tremulate into concentric harmony with the great interior sphere of truth at last. All the future achievements of the mind of man shall only magnify this expanding music of the universe, and swell the incontinent diapason, until Science the Ideal shall murmur back the loud echo of Nature the Real: 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.'"

Very interesting and profound thoughts are scattered through Dr. Brown's reviews of Physical Puritanism, in which he includes mesmerism, animal magnetism, hypnotism, odyalism, electrobiology, or anthropopathy, vegetarianism, and hydropathy. But we must say that his comprehensive style of flinging his matter into masses and then taking out a bit at random, as the subject of a short, terse, and yet discursive lecture to his reader, is on the whole rather exciting than edifying. He, however, brings the catholic spirit of true science to bear upon all he handles; and, with the discernment of a mind accustomed to contemplate the invisible workings of the Divine hand in the correlation of forces, he perceives how those systems which appear so incongruous may connect themselves with the chemistry alike of dead matter and living organism. But he justly complains that the apostles of homœopathy have not evinced the learning demanded to harmonize the new doctrine, at first sound so discordant, with the old culture and swelling

sciences. To those who only love the sciences these volumes will be welcome, because they exhibit the wayward though devout workings of a mind that recognised truth as the Divine beauty, and yet felt the danger of pursuing science without regard to Him who was before all worlds. In one of his sonnets he poetically calls Nature his sister, and finely exclaims, with a true sense of human weakness and of strength:—

“O Jesus, keep my trembling faith above!
My sister almost hurts me with her love.”

O that all lovers of science loved Him also without whom nothing was made, for “in Him was life, and the life was the light of men.”

ART. III.—THE CRUISE OF THE BETSEY.

The Cruise of the Betsey; or, a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides; with Rambles of a Geologist, or Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland.
By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1858.

AFTER the disruption in the Established Church of Scotland, the *Witness* newspaper became the acknowledged representative of the seceders, and, with an energy suitable to the occasion, it expressed their opinions, defended their resolutions, and denounced all conspiracies against the Free Kirk of Scotland. Hugh Miller was its editor, and never was a place of difficulty and danger better filled. But, while the *Witness* honestly and fearlessly defended from all enemies that section of the Christian Church with which it was intimately connected, it was extensively circulated among men who had no personal interest in the controversy, but who honoured talent of a high class, devoted to the spread of pure principles and scientific truth. In the sheets of this Free Church newspaper, the most important scientific inquiries of the age were candidly discussed, and, among other papers of popular interest, and literary and scientific merit, there appeared descriptive details of geological excursions by the editor, who had a keen eye for the beautiful and curious, a vivid fancy, and the art of telling all he saw and felt in picturesque language. The *Witness* became, in his hands, the acknowledged expositor of Scottish geology. In the year 1843, appeared “Notes of a Geological Tour through the Northern Counties of Scotland,” and, in the following year, “The Cruise of the Betsey.” The volume before us is a reprint of the last-named paper, with the “Rambles of a Geologist;” and

we heartily welcome the book for its own sake, with the hope that it may be so popular and commercially successful, as to encourage the publication of many others of the miscellaneous essays and popular scientific papers of the author.

In reference to the volume before us, it might be sufficient to say that, as a literary production, it is distinguished by the bold independence of thought, energetic nervous style, and luxuriance of illustration by which the author's larger works are so favourably known. The reader will accompany him in his rambles from island to island among the Hebrides, and over the fossiliferous deposits of Scotland, as a man attends a trusted companion or friend; not treading in his footsteps, but trudging cheerfully and hopefully by his side, shoulder to shoulder. Hugh Miller is a companion after our own heart. We see what he sees, we think what he thinks, even when differing in opinion; our courage is justified and supported by his fearlessness, our powers of endurance by his unrelenting energy. He exercises an influence upon us, in part, because his thoughts have an unusual depth and area, and his words are those of a man in earnest, but chiefly because we have a sympathy with his manly, generous heart. He is a delightful companion for a country stroll, or a geological ramble; but we best like to meet him when he steps forward and challenges the oppressor, and when we have heard his indignant remonstrance and rebuke, we cannot help but grasp his hand, and claim him as a brother.

It is not our intention to trouble the reader with a second hand description of what Hugh Miller saw and did, or attempt a washy picture of what he has so graphically portrayed. We recommend the book itself to our readers, and it is within the reach of all. But we have something to say about the "Cruise of the Betsey," and all we have to say is not to be found in the book itself.

In the month of July, 1844, Hugh Miller escaped from his mental treadmill in the office of the *Witness* newspaper, for a five weeks' holiday, free to think his own thoughts and do his own work, and he started for a cruise in the "Betsey," and a ramble among the Hebrides.

"Chisels and hammers, and the bag for specimens, were taken from their corner in the dark closet, and packed up with half a stone weight of a fine, *soft*, Conservative newspaper, valuable for a quality of preserving old things entire. And at noon, on St. Swithin's day, I was speeding down the Clyde, in the 'Toward' steamer, for Tobermory in Mull. In the previous season, I had intended passing direct from the oolitic deposits of the eastern coast of Scotland, to the oolitic deposits of the Hebrides. But the weeks glided all too quickly away among the ichthyolites of Caithness and Cromarty, and

the shells and lignites of Sutherland and Ross. My friend too, the Rev. Mr. Swanson, of Small Isles, on whose assistance I had reckoned, was in the middle of his troubles at the time, with no longer a home in his parish, and not yet provided with one elsewhere; and I concluded he would have but little heart at such a season for breaking into rocks, or for passing from the too pressing monstrosities of an existing state of things to the old, lapified monstrosities of the past. And so my design on the Hebrides had to be postponed for a twelve-month. But my friend, now afloat in his Free Church yacht, had got a home on the sea beside his island charge, which, if not very secure when nights were dark and winds loud, and the little vessel tilted high to the long roll of the Atlantic, lay, at least, beyond the reach of man's intolerance, and not beyond the protecting care of the Almighty. He had written me that he would run down his vessel from Small Isles to meet me at Tobermory, and in consequence of the arrangement, I was now on my way to Mull."

We are thus reminded of a cruel religious persecution (rising out of an attempt to enthrone Mammon in the Church) which in our own day and country ran its course almost unopposed, supported by the state and many of the richest territorial lords of the kingdom. The editor of the book before us, writing from Pendock Rectory, says he has "expunged some passages" in this reprint of the "Cruise of the Betsey," because the battle has been fought, and "the sword is in the scabbard." This is the sentiment and act of a man (whether he was in the strife or not we cannot tell) who values his rest and the complacencies of social life, more than the lessons to be learned from that old controversy, often repeated, between conscience and power. Would to God that the spirit of persecution were dead—that the voluminous history of its cruelties and oppressions might be sealed up, as a book that has no longer warnings to give and lessons to teach! But, until we are well assured that no further attempts will be made to coerce conscience, to overawe the fear of God by the power of the State, we dispute the right of an editor to "expunge" from the writings of a man who was combatant and conqueror, words or sentiments which justly denounce wrong-doing, because he thinks that "the oppressor has ceased from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But we are also reminded that, in our own day, there are heroic hearts to honour, and heroic deeds to record. A clergyman, surrounded by a loving people, and living in domestic quietude and peace, having, at the call of conscience, resigned his manse and ample glebe, is denied, by the proprietor of Eigg, a plot of ground for a dwelling or a place of worship. In a neighbouring island he finds a home for his wife and children,

but resolves himself to remain at the post of honour and duty. To continue his ministry to the people of Small Isles, no longer his parishioners, he is compelled to become master of the Free Church yacht "Betsey." From island to island he steered his little craft, at all hours, and in all weather, over a dangerous and stormy sea, that he might continue to repeat the message he had received from God, exhort the undecided, rebuke the sinning, encourage the faint-hearted, and watch lest the storm which had broken down the embankments and retaining walls of a national Church, should sweep away the poor souls who looked to him for help in the surging sea of passion and self-aggrandizement. The man who was not ashamed of a skipper's pilot coat and sou'-wester, who lacked neither the courage nor skill to make his home on a turbulent sea, and guide his yacht by night and by day, in tempest and in calm, through the dangerous passages and still more dreaded lee shores of the Hebrides; who studied his chart as well as his Septuagint, and watched his compass while he composed his sermon, possessed an amount of divine faith and love which the world itself may admire.

Every reader of Hugh Miller's description of "The Cruise of the Betsey," will desire to know something more of the courageous man, who was minister of Small Isles and master of the Free Church yacht, and how the author and the ejected clergyman became friends. This information we are able to supply from a paper called "Notes of a Geological Tour through the Northern Counties of Scotland," published in 1843, in the *Witness* newspaper. In one chapter of that interesting description of his rambles, Mr. Miller relates, in his usual lively and vivid style, the fact and the consequences of discovering, among the *débris* of a lumber garret, a clumsy, antique looking hammer, once the property of his grandfather. With this instrument he sallied forth to break stones and collect minerals among the rocky cliffs and along the seashores of Cromarty. His specimens "were regularly brought home every day, to be as regularly consigned to the street, when their legitimate owner had retired to bed." In these rambles he was frequently accompanied by a little schoolmate and friend, who was, at a later period of life, minister of Small Isles, and master of the Free Church yacht "Betsey."

"The great good fortune of the discovery of the hammer was not restricted altogether to myself. Among my schoolfellows I reckoned one very particular friend, a philosopher of three feet high at that period, who enjoyed on all occasions the full benefit of the tool, and who, in course of time, learned to make a wonderfully skilful use of it. I was his senior by a full twelvemonth, and taller

by half a head, and so came to be regarded by him as in some sort his guide and protector. I am not quite sure that I deserved all his confidence, but I am quite sure I loved him very much. Devoted as Caliban, in the 'Tempest,' to his friend Trinculo,—

‘I showed him the best springs, I plucked him berries,
And I, with my long nails, did dig him pig-nuts.’

We were friends dear and inseparable, and after the lapse of full seven-and-twenty years, we are dear friends still. Half a year ago he was minister of Small Isles, but he is now minister of only the people of Small Isles, seeing that the residuary man, who has succeeded to his ample glebe and snug manse, has got to himself, undivided and entire, one whole parishioner. Happy residuary man! Thrice happy proprietor of Eigg! You have condemned a devoted minister of the Gospel, whose labours have been blessed to many, to make his dwelling on an exposed and stormy sea, and your name bids fair to live in connexion with the transaction. . . . There will be little of external comfort on the bleak hill-side, where the devoted minister of the people shall have to meet for the future his attached flock, and little of comfort in the floating manse, when nights are long and dark, and the wild Atlantic dashes fiercely around the iron-bound Hebrides. But the good and brave minister, its inmate, has deliberately made his choice. He had attended no public meetings to commit himself by his speeches; he had given no pledges which a mere sense of honour had compelled him to redeem; he arrived at his findings and formed his determination, when communing with his God, amid the solitudes of Small Isles; he deliberately counted the cost ere, resigning his worldly all, he betook himself to the floating manse; nor is it likely he will envy there either the proprietor of Eigg in his snuggerly in Aberdeen, or his successor to the emoluments of the encumbency of Small Isles, with his one parishioner.”

The “Betsey,” when visited by Hugh Miller, was manned by two able seamen; and it had been the home of Mr. Swanson the greater part of the previous twelvemonth. The cabin, which was study, parlour, and sleeping-room, was “about twice the size of a common bed;” and the following description gives us as accurate a view of the interior, as if a sun-picture were before us:—

“A large table, lashed to the floor, furnished with tiers of drawers of all sorts and sizes, and bearing a writing-desk bound to it a-top, occupied the middle space, leaving just room enough for a person to pass between its edges and the narrow, coffin-like beds in the sides, and space enough at its fore end for two seats in front of the stove. A jealously barred skylight opened above, and there depended from it this evening a close, lantern-looking lamp, sufficiently valuable, no doubt, in foul weather, but dreary and dim on the occasions when all one really wishes from it is light.”

We must now leave the reader to take the pleasant excursion

to which the author invites him. Sailing from Mull, he will visit Eigg, examine the basaltic columns of the gigantic Seuir, experiment upon the musical sand in the Bay of Laig, and collect water-worn blocks of red shale, containing reptilian remains, near the precipitous rocks of the Ru-Stoir, or Red Head. At Isle Ornsay, in Skye, he will pay a passing visit to the wife and family of the brave minister; and drive as fast as the mail-cart can carry him to Portrea, to examine a now famous section of oolitic rocks, in a cliff, which, in some parts, has an elevation of seven hundred feet above the beach. Before reaching the island of Rum, where the minister has Sabbath duty to perform, the reader will learn something more of the hardships to be endured, and the dangers to be faced, in that noble enterprise to which Mr. Swanson devoted himself. From Loch Scresort, "the only harbour of Rum in which a vessel can moor," a tedious voyage, with light, baffling winds, will bring the "Betsey" into the Bay of Glenelg; and having passed, with the tide, the Kyles of Skye, the geologist will be willing to tarry awhile in the little island of Pabba, or, if perchance the reader does not understand what is meant by "sermons in stones," he will not object to follow such an expositor as Hugh Miller. A ride to Dingwall, where, three-and-twenty years before, the author worked in a stone-mason's shop, and on to Cromarty, which his name and labours have made famous all the world over, has enough of interest to please anybody; and there are not many people who would object to cross the Moray Frith, from Cromarty to Nairn, to visit the ichthyolite beds of Clune and Lethenbarn on the road to Forres, or be in a hurry to leave Elgin, and Mr. Duff's geological collection, to return to Edinburgh.

When the author was again seated at his desk, he recalled with pleasure the scenes and events of his cruise in the "Betsey;" but there was at least one cause of regret, which, with the pertinacity of disappointment, always stood ready to elbow from their places subjects less associated in his mind with failure. He had found reptilian remains near the Ru-Stoir, on the shore of Eigg, in detached, water-rolled masses, but he had not discovered the bed from which they were detached. The following summer he revisited the island, and satisfied his curiosity, by obtaining similar fossils, *in situ*, from a bed lying low in the oolite; and a supplementary chapter details the events of this brief excursion, the stormy passage out, and the narrow escape of the "Betsey" from foundering at sea:—

"I had nothing to do on deck, and so, after watching the appearance of the stationary clouds for some little time, I went below, and throwing myself into the minister's large chair, took up a book. The gale, meanwhile, freshened, and freshened yet more; and the

'Betsey' leaned over till her lee chain-plate lay along in the water. There was the usual combination of sounds beneath and around me—the mixture of guggle, clunk, and splash—a low, continuous rush and bluff, loud blow, which forms, in such circumstances, the voyager's concert. I soon became aware, however, of yet another species of sound, which I did not like half so well—a sound as of the washing of a shallow current over a rough surface; and on the minister coming below, I asked him—tolerably well prepared for his answer—what it might mean. 'It means,' he said, 'that we have sprung a leak, and a rather bad one; but we are only some six or eight miles from the Point of Sleat, and must soon catch the land.' He returned on deck, and I resumed my book. Presently, however, the rush became greatly louder; some other weak patch in the 'Betsey's' upper works had given way, and anon the waters came washing up from the lee side, along the edge of the cabin floor. I got upon deck to see how matters stood with us; and the minister easing off the vessel for a few points, gave instant orders to shorten sail, in the hope of getting her upper works out of the water, and then to unship the companion ladder, beneath which a hatch communicated with the low strip of hold under the cabin, and to bring aft the pails. We lowered our foresail, furled up the mainsail half mast high; John Steward took his station at the pump; old Alister and I, furnished with pails, took ours, the one at the foot, the other at the head of the companion, to haul up and throw over; a young girl, a passenger from Eigg to the mainland, lent her assistance, and got wofully drenched in the work; while the minister, retaining his station at the helm, steered right on. But the gale had so increased, that, notwithstanding our diminished breadth of sail, the 'Betsey,' straining hard in the rough sea, still lay in to the gunwale, and the water pouring in through a hundred opening chinks in her upper works, rose despite of our exertions, high over plank, and beam, and cabin floor, and went dashing against beds and lockers. She was evidently filling, and bade fair to terminate all her voyagings by a short trip to the bottom.

"When matters were at the worst with us, we got under the lee of the Point of Sleat. The promontory interposed between us and the roll of the sea, the wind gradually took off; and after having seen the water gaining fast and steadily on us, for considerably more than an hour, we, in turn, began to gain on the water. It came ebbing out of drawers and beds, and sunk downwards along panels and table legs—a second retiring deluge; and we entered Isle Ornsay with the cabin floor all visible, and less than two feet water in the hold."

We shall not attempt to follow the "Rambles of a Geologist," which forms the second part of the book. It is sufficient to say that it is a record of many interesting geological observations and discoveries, so enlivened by genial reflections, piquant anecdotes, and a free picturesque style of writing, as to be scarcely less interesting to the intelligent general reader, than to the man of science.

ART. IV.—SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

Letters from Spain, in 1856 and 1857. By John Leycester Adolphus, M.A. London: John Murray.

TRAVEL is constitutional to some characters. It is as impossible for them to settle down quietly and to enjoy the comforts and amenities of conventional life, as it would for a Red Indian, or an ebony citizen of Timbuctoo, to understand the differential calculus or the quadrature of the circle. Their imaginations are ever running wild about foreign countries and foreign people; their spirits are ever bursting the bonds of place and circumstance, to revel in scenes of Italian beauty, of Parisian delight, of Spanish coquetry, or Swiss magnificence. To these adventurous heroes, neither the torrid sands of a Sahara, nor the icy barrenness of a Greenland, nor the sad bitterness of Siberia, make the least difference. They seek excitement—the excitement of travel—as they would their natural food; and no amount of repression can keep down the ferment of locomotion which possesses them. This class of wild enthusiasts numbered very few, comparatively speaking, in former days; but now that the puffing steam-engine and the level rail afford facilities for traversing half the world in the space of a lunar month, trips of a thousand miles or so are sinking into insignificance; and scarcely is society astonished at the announcement, that Mr. Albert Smith closes his panorama of Mont Blanc and Vesuvius a few weeks earlier, in order that he may step across to China, and prepare an elaborate spectacle of manners and scenery in the Celestial Empire, for the London autumn season.

We have been to a certain extent forced into these remarks by the superfluity of volumes which appear, or are announced to appear, after the 1st of January, of tours and travels, by delighted observers, rather than students of customs, on their return from the Continent. The fatal facility may readily be applied to them. Sir Francis Head, after a visit of a fortnight in Ireland, felt himself competent to decide upon some very vital points,—upon police, society, and government; and, assuredly, gentlemen who have had the opportunity of making a pedestrian tour through Bretagne or the Tyrol, or of wandering through the High Alps, or spending a season with the pale-faced niggers of Chicago, or seeking shelter beneath the gipsy tents of Chicksaws, have an equal right to assert their competency to write a “Bundle of Travel Faggots,” or any other wonderful work they may think proper to inscribe to the travellers of all nations.

We do not intend to impute to Mr. John Leycester Adolphus either of the characteristics we have above enumerated. We are, in fact, always delighted with the remarks and experiences of travellers fresh in the scenery they depict—provided they are sensible men—as there is a *naïveté*, an originality, a warmth, a colouring, a vitality, a correctness, vainly looked for in the works of more designing and elaborate authors. The tourist paints from nature; he gives his first impressions; he is not misled by previous descriptions; his judgment is unbiassed; as he feels he speaks; as he sees he tells; not hesitating to consider the choice of his subjects, or the manner of his telling; he simply tells his story of adventure and observation, and without further ambition, endeavours to enlist the sympathies, or rather the interest of others, in the unvarnished tale he is relating.

Mr. Adolphus is one of that class of tourists, who, starting for their own gratification, and writing home for the amusement and satisfaction of their friends, find, on a re-perusal of their letters, that there is matter sufficient to enliven and enlighten not a few of their fellow-countrymen, and with less presumption than desire to contribute to the pleasure of a spare hour, venture to give to the world the notes which they have jotted down at leisure intervals, or during the half-hour preceding the evening supper.

The arena this elegant traveller selected for his tour was Spain, which he entered by the way of Cadiz. There were many advantages connected with thus becoming acquainted with the country. He caught, at a first glimpse, an aspect of unsophisticated Spanish character and society, Cadiz being at one of the extremities of the kingdom of Spain; he also, making this the *point d'appui* of future movements, could at once pass into territories, purely and unreservedly—what we imagine of the Spanish attributes—half-Spanish and half-Moorish. By sloping, too, southward along the line of coast, a vast field of experience—rugged and rough, it is true—lay before him. Between this famous seaport town and the impregnable citadel of Southern Europe, a tract of territory had to be traversed, in which the population of the country could be studied in their quaint costumes, and judged of by their native and original customs. At one step, as it were, the tourist passed over from an old and inconceivable, into a new, glorious, and picturesque world. We, therefore, congratulate Mr. Adolphus on the course he adopted, and think he acted wisely in desiring to plunge at once, on quitting the deck of his steamer, into the enchanted circle of Spanish life.

We have already intimated that Mr. Adolphus's book is but

the substance of notes, jotted down during the hasty intervals of repose he found at the various hotels, or *ventas*, he rested at on his road. But this is what gives a real zest to his narrative. The "Letters from Spain" were written home to an absent wife, detailing picturesquely the events of the day—possibly, a few days might elapse without a letter; which of us, *en voyageant*, can be so punctual as not to miss a mail, especially in a country where the posts are uncertain?—and inspired in the heat and vividness of the moment. This is their great merit; and we recognise it with real satisfaction, since, by this means, we have the impressions produced on the spot, and are saved the cold, elaborate, and insipid preparation of selection, analysis, arrangement, and addition, which too frequently takes place, before a work is presented to the public.

Mr. Adolphus does not go out of his way to seek effect; in fact, we have never read a book more divested of that false and deceptive attempt of introducing startling incident, and dosing the reader with agreeable surprises. But in lieu of this, we have the adventures of the tourist quietly and modestly narrated; he tells us what did occur in plain language, and without endeavouring to excite a spurious interest by an injudicious colouring; and we have therefore relished the work with tenfold pleasure from the very absence of this unnecessary stimulant.

It would require more space than we could afford, to enter descriptively into the line of route which Mr. Adolphus pursued. We have already said he landed at Cadiz; from thence he diverged southward, keeping all the while the neighbourhood of the coast until he arrived at Gibraltar, his description of which, though not elaborate, is sufficient to indicate the points of dissemblance between this fortified promontory and town and a city or port of England.

"The appearances of the place, however, are not all English: the buildings are generally in our plain taste, mostly, of course, rebuilt since the siege which ended in 1783, but, seen all together in a vista, they have a touch of the Spanish too. The figures in the streets are an endless variety: English officers in uniform or plain clothes, Andalusian majos, Jews robed and turbaned, a Spanish courtesan taking up the whole foot pavement, a stiffly English lady with her maid and children; a train of Moors with white and red turbans, bare legs, and yellow slippers; and Africans from I do not know what region, grim and swarthy, hooded in white (or whity-brown rather), and wrapped in mantles of the same down to the heels. One of these, a very tall fellow, was walking alone down the centre of the street to-night like a spectre, but, I believe, looking after the women. A few Spanish ladies appear, in the usual graceful costume of the country, speaking with their fans. Spanish gentlemen are

not very prominent. This morning there was a grand parade on the exercising ground, just out of the fortress, towards the Spanish lines—a very goodly show of red coats.

"After dinner I walked in the Alameda, a kind of park parade of modern English growth, handsome, and spacious, and well gardened; but very different from the snug, sociable, flirting Alameda of Spain. Here a band played till nearly sunset, and the officers and their lady friends lounged; and when I looked at this scene, at the grand natural and artificial defences all round, and at the quiet brood of English ships reposing in the bay, and the music opened its noble finale of 'God save the Queen,' I felt my heart enlarged, and could not help saying to myself, 'What government would dare to give up this place?' At sunset the evening's gun lightens from some high point in the cliffs, and the report rolls round in echoes; some time later you hear the beautiful evening strain of the bugles; and the band to-night moved away playing 'The Lass of Richmond Hill.' I can scarcely understand how I am hearing and seeing all these things, when only yesterday morning I was creeping out of a dog-hole at Tariga, and peering about the battlements of that little Moro-Spanish place, with a guide almost as mouldy as the town itself. Again, I say, I cannot rejoice too much that I took the taste of Spain I have had before visiting Gibraltar."—P. 67.

The taste to which Mr. Adolphus alludes, it is perhaps unnecessary to allude. There is a peculiar idiosyncrasy in Spanish travelling; in the accommodation which tourists are compelled to put up with, in the entertainment they are obliged to submit to, that would doubtless render the worst inn of the worst village in England preferable to many of the hotels of third or fourth-rate towns of this western peninsula; and a persecuted pilgrim arriving from the practically inhospitable highways of Spain, with their deep dust and deeper mud, must feel an indescribable luxury in crossing those few furlongs of sand which transport him from a real Spain into a Spanish England; where English uniforms, English costumes, English physiognomies, English method and solidity at once greet him.

We cannot avoid introducing the reader, through the agency of Mr. Adolphus, into Tangiers. It is a town little visited by Europeans, and less described by them.

Speaking of Tangiers, the author says:—

"This morning, after breakfast, while waiting for a guide, I went into a really pleasant drawing-room, looking out upon the bay, where we had so dismally come to anchor last night, and fitted up, not very gaily, indeed, but after the manner of such hotels in Europe. Miss M— sat down to a piano, 'Goulding and Dalmaine,' in good tune enough, perhaps, for Africa, and played some Spanish airs; but the sound of the poor strings (no fault of the player) put me in mind of an instrument which I heard in the streets last night, some-

thing like a diseased bagpipe. That, I was told, was a kind of oboe, which some innocent Aboor was playing, it being the close of a day of Ramadan, at which time everybody is bound to be joyous, having fasted all day, and then being allowed to eat.

"A son of our Hamet led me about the town; the father speaks English very well, but the son's amounts to little more than 'Yaas,' so I was obliged to make out with Spanish. What a new and odd world burst upon me! It is in vain to attempt describing the effect of seeing figures and forms of things all at once surrounding you, such as you never saw before. The change from all you have been used to is total. I will not say imagine, for you cannot, a long down-hill street, forming a vista between white walls, which ends in the minaret of a mosque, a pretty square campanile, all inlaid with green, blue, and orange tiles; the street crowded with brown, white, and dun coloured figures, hooded and turbaned, and of all shades of complexion, from our own (for many of the Moors are white in colour, though not fair) to negro black. If you could picture this to yourself, I defy you to imagine the five or six acres of rising ground at the entrance of the town, where the Hadjis are encamped: a space once, I suppose, green, but nearly all trodden to tan dust, and covered quite irregularly with tents; some holding twos, threes, or more; some just allowing one man to turn himself; some of thatch, some of black and brown striped cloth, some of almost rags, some of mere grass or fern, one, which a single ingenious person had contrived for himself (and he sat in it), woven entirely of nasturtium plants with the flower. Many of the men were lazily lying along, some working, some counting beads; a great number moving about the fields, attending to their ponies, donkeys, or mules, or lounging: a semicircle under a wall praying, as I was told; a large semicircle standing over them and looking on. The swarthy countenances and funeral-looking robes and hoods gathered together in unsettled groups under the open sky, brought to mind pictures of the Last Judgment. Some women were there, but you knew them only by their being muffled to the eyes, sometimes over the eyes. Many of the males were of very fine stature, and I was startled by one or two whose drapery, partly flung back over the left shoulder, and partly hanging in deep graceful folds, was so exactly that of some old Roman statues that you might fancy they had come down from pedestals at the Capitol, or the Uffizi—even the pressure of the hand upon the folds at the breast was exact. Hard by, in a waste-looking place called the *Wheat Market*, enclosed by arcades, was a group of camels; one on its knees being loaded, with its mouth wide open, looking, in the face, like a bird, and making that dismal screech which it seems the camel chooses to make when the load is being put on or taken off.* The shops were another curiosity:

* Sid Abú Yahya, who had been governor of Cordova, said of its people, "They are like the camel, which fails not to complain whether thou diminishest or increaseth its load, so that there is no knowing what they like," &c.—(Gayayoes, *History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in*

gaps in the wall, such as you saw at the Chinese Exhibition, where all the owner's wares are closely packed, he in the midst of them, perhaps reading or casting accounts, but not saluting you or asking you to buy. They have dropping shutters by which they are fastened up at night, and some have pent-houses for shelter from sun and rain. There are two very busy market-places, which seemed to me as well and curiously peopled as one could expect, but I was told that, if it had been market-day, the variety of figures would have been much greater. The female muffling is not universal. I saw several peasant women with large hats, something in the style of Leghorn, but very coarse and heavy, made of the palmetto. Some muffle their faces under this hat, which makes an astonishing costume. The Jewesses do not cover their faces at all, and very fine-looking women some of them are. I had been told that you could not go about Tangiers alone, without fear of being insulted, but I did not see the least disposition to behave ill, not much even of idle curiosity. Mr. M—— and his pretty daughter walked about freely without any attendant, and without shield or sword except his umbrella. To be sure he seems to know everybody, and to be a little potentate in the place."—P. 95.

We cannot, however interesting it might be to the reader, delay him longer in Tangiers. We must recross the Straits with Mr. Adolphus, and prepare to penetrate into the interior of Spain. Our impressions derived from the present narrative are highly in favour of this magnificent land of citrons and pomegranates, vines and oranges, dazzling suns, and intensely blue skies, and long would we linger with him in this spot of natural enchantment, were we not attracted to other scenes no less beautiful and imposing in the interior. We would select, as a description of places that may be met with between Gibraltar and Granada, the delightfully situated town of Ronda.

"The wonder of Ronda, which brings everybody to see it who comes into Andalusia at all, is this: The place stands upon a table-ground of rock (sandstone), very much elevated above the country, and towering over it in bold crags. Through the midst of this runs a huge rent, forming the bed of the river Guadiaro, which works its way between perpendicular precipices, six hundred feet high (Ford), and rolls down in waterfalls to the more level country. This chasm was the boundary and defence of the old Moorish town of Ronda: now it divides the old town from the new, and a bridge of modern architecture, not quite a century old, is thrown across where the gap is about three hundred feet wide (Ford), and where the precipices are most abrupt, and the depth below most awful,—meadows, pathways, mills, and human beings, looking fearfully dwindled; and this,

Spain, vol. i. p. 42.) Seven centuries have not altered the camel; man, of course, is too enlightened everywhere, now, to follow her example.

now, in the midst of a large town, for the bridge leads out of the great market-place of New Ronda. The white houses of the old town peer over the precipices; and it is interesting to trace the remains of Moorish fortification, by which this defence, when it was one, was followed out and completed. The old towers have been stripped of their hewn-stone facings, and remains of mounds and pinnacles of heaped-up stones and rubbish, but they are still firmly held together by their cement. Mills, some formerly Moorish and some modern, are niched in different parts of the chasm, to catch the passing waters. There are good paths down quite to the bottom; and it is very striking to stand there in front of the grand proscenium of cliff, and see the river breaking its way through in graceful waterfalls, and the bridge securely spanning the pass, at the height of six hundred feet, and forming the main thoroughfare of the town. There is one point at which, looking upwards through a vista of cliffs and enormous fallen rocks, you catch sight of the more ancient bridge, which, at a much less height, formed the outlet of the town in the time of the Moors. Bats and swallows, and very large kites, hover over the course of the stream. On the side of the new town, the circular wall of the Plaza de Toros peeps over the precipice, and a little farther, the elegant fence of the Alameda, a pretty public garden, which, with great good taste, have been brought to the edge of the cliffs, where they subside from the Tajo (the great cleft), and command views of the river, and surrounding country, and distant sierras. These are enjoyed from seats so well barred in that even you would hardly feel uncomfortable in them. Some of the adjoining country is exceedingly pretty; one spacious hollow was so handsomely wooded, that I was tempted to ask whose place it was, forgetting that I was not in parkish England. A late burst of sunset, to-night, threw such a red glow over one of the barrenest sierras, as I never saw before; the whole hill (which had some red hue of its own) seemed to be burning hot.

"As to Ronda itself, the old town, like other Spanish old towns, is hilly, stony, waste, straggling, and indescribable; the new, an extensive, rambling place, without any modern elegance of shops or *cafés* (though there are more of the last than I could discover at Cadiz), but with many rows of neat-looking white and green painted houses, built, I suppose, with a view to the great fair, which is always held here on the 20th of May, and draws great numbers of visitors. I am sorry I shall just miss it. The Alameda is gravelling, the houses smartening, and the grave, lounging, 'oldest inhabitants,' in their long cloaks and turban hats, evidently in the process of growing six inches higher on the approach of this crisis."—P. 123.

Mr. Leycester Adolphus's work has, in addition to the qualities we have ascribed to it, the charming one of noting down every little incident, every little trait of character, every anecdote that serves to illustrate a faithful description of the customs and aspects of the people amongst whom he travelled. We can scarcely pursue the author of the "Letters from Spain"

farther on his road. But that the reader may have some idea of the extent of country he traversed, we may inform him or her, as the case may be, that Mr. Adolphus visited some of the most celebrated cities of the southern provinces of Spain—Seville and Granada included—that he had frequent opportunities of studying the beauty of Andalusia; and he did not abstain from witnessing, when occasion permitted, the moral, or rather immoral, effect of bull-fights on the population of Spain.

The narrative is frequently interjectional; the reader not being conducted with chronological, or even geographical regularity, from place to place; but finding the author arriving at a town at the end of one letter, and discovering the history of the previous day's journeyings described in the following epistle. This style of free-and-easy noting of persons, places, and events, is pleasing and attractive, and enables the library-traveller to feel the freshness, and acknowledge the fidelity, of what is told. Of the many books that have been written on Spain, there are few which evince a greater degree of impartiality in the manner in which the circumstances, adventures, and experiences of the narrator are portrayed: a picture—of a peculiar kind, it is true—is given in the pages under review; but it still preserves a faithful resemblance to the original, and all the accessories that are thrown in, add to the completeness and accuracy of the likeness.

ART. V.—ULRICH VON HÜTTEN.

Etudes sur les Réformateurs du Seizième Siècle.—Ulrich de Hütten.
Par V. Chauffour-Kestner. Paris: Charles Hingray, Libraire-Editeur. 1853.

MORE than three centuries have rolled away since a noble Franconian knight was buried in the green island of Uffnau, which lies at the extremity of the Lake of Zurich, almost within the shadow of the lofty Alps. That knight was Ulrich von Hütten, who died at the early age of thirty-six, forsaken by his friends, persecuted, destitute; but who, in the course of his short and brilliant career, did more than any man of his time, with the single exception of Luther, to liberate Germany from the tyranny of the Papal yoke. He also took a prominent part in forwarding the cause of classical learning, and in emancipating the world of mind from the iron bondage in which it had for ages been bound, by the false teaching and

useless subtleties of the scholastic system. All this he did, in spite of poverty, persecution, and disease, by the power of his eloquent and spirit-stirring writings, which, in a literary point of view, are honourable to the age in which they appeared; which produced an unparalleled effect upon the German mind, and which—even at the present day—are deeply interesting; not only as exhibiting noble and liberal views of politics and religion, far in advance of their age, and as containing the most cutting and effective satires that have ever been penned against the vices and corruptions of the monastic system and of the court of Rome; but, also, as presenting the most vivid and faithful pictures of the age in which they appeared, in its varied forms of life and action.

As the very name of Ulrich von Hütten is far less generally known in this country than it deserves to be, and as his works are but little read, we propose, in the present article, to present our readers with a sketch of his life, and a brief account of some of his most celebrated writings. The subject is one of great interest; for few historical characters exhibit more originality than that of Hütten. One of the representative men of his age and nation, he unites in himself some of their noblest features. Born at a crisis when the European mind, stirred to its foundations, was straining after a freer and nobler life, but a life as yet imperfectly conceived and comprehended, he became one of the most energetic exponents of the wants and aspirations of his time, and one of the most powerful agents in giving these aspirations a definite form, and removing the obstacles that prevented their fulfilment. A worthy fellow-worker with Luther, he seconded him in all his efforts for religious freedom; inspired with the warmest and most disinterested love of liberty, he was, throughout life, her most eloquent defender, and, at last, died a martyr in her cause. Seldom, indeed, has she had a nobler champion; he offered her no mere lip-homage, but acts and those burning words that rouse others to action. His exertions were unceasing; his activity of thought prodigious, and his productiveness no less remarkable. During his short life he composed not fewer than fifty separate works, one of which still ranks as the national satire of Germany. Among them are editions of the classics, treatises on a variety of subjects, many of them poetical, orations, and letters. Most of them, however, are satires. Satire and invective were, indeed, at that time the prevalent modes of writing in Germany, as a glance at the literature of the age will show, and Hütten was led to adopt them, both by the force of circumstances, and by the character of his genius. He pursued them with his usual impetuosity and ardour, and is

often to blame for his violence and want of delicacy ; but, in spite of these faults—which, indeed, deform the writings of the greatest men of that age—we are always obliged to admire his zeal for truth, his profound detestation of hypocrisy, and his ardent love for liberty and for his native country.

Ulrich von Hütten was born on the 21st April, 1488, at the family Château of Steckelberg in Franconia. From the tenth century, his ancestors had borne an honourable name in council and in war ; and held a high place among that Franconian nobility which was regarded as the most perfect type of German chivalry. Ulrich's birthplace was one of those feudal residences of which he has left us the following vivid description :—

“ Our châteaux are constructed not for pleasure, but security. All is sacrificed to the necessity of defence. They are enclosed within ramparts and ditches ; guard-rooms and stables usurp the place of apartments. Everywhere the smell of powder, of horses, of cattle, the noise of dogs and oxen ; and, upon the skirts of the great forests that surround us, the howling of wolves. Perpetual agitation ; constant coming and going ; while our gates, open to all, frequently admit cut-throats, assassins, and thieves. Each day brings a new anxiety. If we maintain our independence, we run the risk of being crushed by two powerful enemies ; if we put ourselves under the protection of some prince, we are forced to espouse all his quarrels. We cannot sally forth without an escort. To go to the chase, to pay a visit to a neighbour, we must put casque on head and cuirass on breast. Always, everywhere, war.”

Some leagues from the Château of Steckelberg stood the Abbey of Fulda, an ancient monastic institution founded under the auspices of Charlemagne in the beginning of the ninth century. Its school was famous ; and to it Ulrich was sent when eleven years of age. He was the eldest of four children, but, being of feeble constitution and delicate frame, his parents imagined that he would find the Church an easier road to preferment than the army. At Fulda Hütten applied himself, with characteristic ardour, especially to the study of the classical tongues ; but for a monastic life he showed no vocation, and was encouraged in his dislike to it by his fellow-pupil Crotus Rubianus, and by Ethelwolf von Stein, who proved a powerful and steady friend. All the representations of the latter, however, to the parents of Hütten were ineffectual ; for the abbot of Fulda had discovered the splendid abilities of the youthful student, and wished to enlist them in the service of the Church. The result was, that finding it impossible to submit to the wishes of his parents and the abbot, Hütten fled from Fulda, and, at the age of sixteen, threw himself upon the world to fight the great battle of life. For a long time after

this period he was dead to his family, his father taking no notice of him, and contributing nothing to his support.

On leaving the Abbey of Fulda, Hütten repaired to Erfurth and afterwards to Cologne, where his friend Crotus Rubianus soon joined him. Cologne was the most ancient and distinguished of the German universities; but scholasticism still reigned there in full vigour, and the science of dialectics was made the first object of Hütten's studies. He soon, however, tired of the fruitless subtleties and logical quibbles of the schoolmen, and betook himself to the more congenial study of the classics. He was the assiduous and favourite pupil of Ragius Esticampus, who, in the face of the old system, taught with the greatest success the new science of the ancient languages and literature. The time was fast approaching when the human mind was to emancipate itself from the fetters of scholasticism; and, as a preparation for the coming struggle for freedom and progress, the models of classic antiquity were eagerly studied. A great literary movement had been gradually developing itself in Germany from the beginning of the sixteenth century. In 1503 a society was formed on the borders of the Rhine, under the name of "*Sodalitas Litteraria Rhenana*," and met with great encouragement from the fostering patronage of the princes of the Palatinate. Its members did much to forward the good cause; but the old system was not to be overthrown without a struggle, and, in Germany, the universities proved themselves the most strenuous supporters of the cause of ignorance, and the most bitter persecutors of the partisans of the new teaching. Like the accusers of Socrates, like the upholders of all ancient abuses, the theologians of Cologne brought against Ragius the accusation of being an innovator, and a corrupter of youth, and expelled him from their university; upon which he betook himself to Frankfort, where the Margrave of Brandenburg was about to found a university, and there he was speedily followed by Hütten, who was received as one of the earliest masters, and repaid his reception by his first poem.

From 1506 to 1514, Hütten only appears at long intervals. He seems to have travelled extensively in order to add to his knowledge, visiting Bohemia, Moravia, Vienna, and many other parts of the north of Europe. During these travels, undertaken almost without resources, he frequently suffered much distress and hardship. On the Baltic he was exposed to the fury of a terrible tempest, and in Pomerania he was plundered of his baggage. Occasionally, however, the charms of his conversation procured him a flattering reception, as at Olmutz, where the bishop, after having hospitably entertained him for

several days, gave him at his departure a horse and a purse of gold. In 1512 we find him at Pavia, where the French were besieged by the Swiss. His sojourn there was a succession of mishaps. He had a quarrel with some of the soldiers of the garrison, and was regularly besieged by them in his lodgings. He gave himself up for lost, and, in order to die as became a poet, composed his own epitaph, which is very beautiful. The town, however, was at length taken by the Swiss, and Ulrich thought his troubles and dangers over; but his captors, pretending to take him for a German in the service of France, maltreated and plundered him, so that he was glad to escape with life from their hands. He found a refuge at Bologna, but here his resources entirely failed, and he was obliged to enlist as a private soldier in the army of the Emperor Maximilian.

On his return to Germany, his friend Ethelwolf von Stein recommended him to the archbishop of Mayence, who received and treated him as a friend, and in his honour he composed one of his most elegant Latin poems, which he was only persuaded to publish at the instance of his patron. His dislike to its publication is thus accounted for by himself:—

“You are acquainted with the ideas and manners of the German nobles; one would take them for centaurs rather than for knights. If a young man applies himself to study, they point the finger of scorn at him as a degenerate being, a disgrace to his family and to nobility. Thus many who were on the high road to learning have turned back, and bowed the neck to the yoke of prejudice. Are not we condemned each day to hear these centaurs boast that they are the pillars of the country, that in them alone is true nobility, and that they alone are fit for great enterprises both in peace and war?”

This expression of Hütten's sense of the degradation of the German nobility, is often repeated in his writings, where he reproaches them with coarseness, drunkenness, and contempt for the arts and sciences; and one of his designs was to combat and destroy that prejudice which considered the cultivation of letters a mark of base birth. Yet with all his appreciation of the silly and narrow prejudices of the German nobles, Hütten himself was sufficiently proud of his own high birth, which he shows with great *naïveté* in a letter to his friend Piscator, requesting him to choose a wife for him. “Give me a wife,” he says, “young, handsome, well-educated, gay, virtuous, patient, and possessed of a moderate fortune. I do not look for riches; and, as to birth, she will always be sufficiently noble if she is the wife of Hütten.”

Hütten was now about to commence his work, for which he possessed every requisite; for not only was he an admirable

scholar and elegant poet, but his travels had given him the great gift of experience. He had examined the world close at hand, and knew its passions, its needs, its vices, its aspirations. He knew that it was in a state of agitation, only waiting for an impulse to direct it. He had himself suffered much, and could appeal to all who suffered. He had visited Rome, and studied there the secret corruptions of the Roman tyranny, and knew how to strike at its heart; and the spirit of liberty, strong from his boyhood, had been confirmed, enlarged, and purified by meditation and labour. In person Hütten was short and slight, and his frame was bent by early hardships and disease; but his face was animated, and his eyes brilliant and piercing. His personal character was very amiable, without haughtiness, and full of readiness to oblige women and children, and even the humblest of men; while his conversation was instructive and sparkling, and abounded in sallies of wit. Such was Ulrich von Hütten, when a tragical event plunged him at once into the public strifes of the time, in which the remainder of his life was destined to be spent.

That event was the cowardly assassination of his cousin, the youthful Jean von Hütten (esteemed the flower of Franconian chivalry), by the duke of Wurtemberg. This crime was the blacker, as, in the peasant war, the Hüttens had brought to the duke's assistance the Franconian knighthood, and thus secured to him the victory. Jean was the intimate friend and favourite of the duke, until the latter conceived a guilty passion for the handsome wife of the young knight; to gratify which he invited him to a hunting-party, and, in a retired part of the forest, killed him with his own hand. Universal indignation was excited by this cowardly murder; but the duke believed himself above vengeance, and lived publicly with the widow of his victim. Ulrich von Hütten was at this time (1515) residing at the Castle of Ems; but when he learned the crime he at once determined to pursue the murderer, and hastened to reconcile himself with his father previously to adopting the vengeance of the family. He employed letters, poems, orations to arouse Germany against the criminal. He directed against him five Latin harangues in terms full of eloquent indignation. He demanded of the princes of the land that justice should be done upon the guilty, and declared that if they refused the Hüttens would not hesitate to right themselves. In addition to these orations, Hütten also published a dialogue entitled "Phalarismus," which supposes the meeting of Phalaris and the duke of Wurtemberg in the infernal regions. Phalaris rejoices to see a man his equal in cruelty, and gives him some good lessons in tyranny. These writings created an immense sensation throughout Germany, and Ulrich found himself an

important political character. He had, by the force of his eloquence, made his private wrongs a national affair; but the emperor for a long time hesitated to punish a sovereign prince, and it was not until 1519 that vengeance overtook the duke. He was then put to the ban of the empire, and driven from his dominions by an army commanded by Franz von Sickingen, and in which Ulrich had the pleasure of serving. This affair had a great influence upon the mind of Hütten; it gave him a deep insight into the politics of Germany, which he had studied from all points, in order to assist him in obtaining justice upon the murderer of his cousin.

But the struggle in which Hütten earned his greenest laurels was that waged between the Humanists—as the supporters of classical learning were called—and the Scholastics, or supporters of the old system. This contest, long impending, was at length called into action almost by an accident. Jean Reuchlin, the most learned man in Germany—who had published a Latin dictionary and a Greek grammar—who first in Germany possessed a complete copy of Homer, and first among the learned men of Europe attained a profound acquaintance with the Hebrew language and literature, was the man destined to bring this great struggle to its crisis. A converted Jew, named Pfefferkorn, had published a book in which he accused his former co-religionists of adoring the sun and moon, and of outraging Christ in the most disgraceful manner. This work was welcomed by the theologians of Cologne, and especially by Hochstraten, prior of the Dominicans, and inquisitor for the three ecclesiastical electorates. They insisted that all Jewish books, excepting the Bible, were dangerous and heretical, and demanded from the emperor that they should be burned. The emperor remitted the matter to the archbishop of Mayence, and he naturally consulted Reuchlin, as the best authority upon the subject. Reuchlin decided in favour of the Hebrew books; but his memorial, intended only for the eyes of the archbishop, was by some means communicated to Pfefferkorn and the theologians of Cologne, whose fanaticism was roused to the highest pitch by the moderation of Reuchlin's memorial. They assailed him with the utmost vehemence in print, to which he made a crushing reply. They retorted, and he wrote a second answer. He was then summoned before the Inquisition, and a variety of procedure took place, which resulted in the whole matter being referred to the Pope, who remitted it, with full powers, to the bishop of Spire, who decided in favour of Reuchlin, and found his opponents liable in the expenses of the suit. In spite of this, the theologians of Cologne and of the University of Paris burned the writings of Reuchlin; and Hochstraten started for

Italy, with a numerous retinue and good store of money, in order to influence the infallible court of Rome.

This controversy called forth a host of publications on each side of the question; and of these by far the most effective was the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," which inflicted the most deadly blow that had ever been dealt against scholasticism, the monastic system, and the Papacy, and which, in the words of a distinguished writer, "gave the victory to Reuchlin over the begging friars, and to Luther over the court of Rome." Its construction is very simple. Before the commencement of the controversy Reuchlin had published a volume of letters from his correspondents; and Ortunius, an adherent of Hochstraten, and enemy of Reuchlin, is in like manner supposed to print a volume of epistles addressed to him by his friends. The title of Reuchlin's volume is, "*Epistolæ Illustrum Virorum ad Reuchlinum, Virum nostræ Aetatis Doctissimum*;" and Ortunius, in ridicule of this somewhat pompous title, is supposed to entitle his work "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Vivorum ad Ortunium*." The foes of Reuchlin and of classical learning are thus made to represent themselves. Most of the letters bear to be written by monks and theologians, and a few by medical men and priests. To give greater colour and probability to the work, these are written in bad Latin, the usual medium of communication employed by the monks; and the very phrases and idioms familiar to these supporters of scholasticism are most happily introduced. These letters display with the utmost apparent simplicity and candour the secret history of the mendicant orders, their vices, indolence, ignorance, their plots against Reuchlin and the Humanists, and their hatred of all serious and useful instruction. They are made, as it were, to dissect and condemn themselves; to tear the veil from their own follies and vices. The satire is most savage and bitter; no quarter is given, no mercy shown. It struck hard, but it struck home, and never did ridicule more effectually contribute to the service of truth. Such is the apparent seriousness of this the national satire of Germany, that several, even of those against whom it was directed, were deceived by it; so much so, that a prior of a Dominican convent in Brabant bought a number of copies, in order to present to his friends, believing that it had been written in praise of his order.

The monks of Germany were filled with indignation against the epistles and their authors, and applied to the Pope for a bull ordaining the burning both of the satire and the satirists—when they should be found—for the work originally was published anonymously. There is no doubt that Hütten is the

author of by far the greater portion; but some of the letters appear to have been written by his friends, Crotus Rubianus and Hermann Burchius. The first volume of the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*" appeared in 1516; and another able work, arising out of the same controversy, written before the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," but not published until 1519, is the "*Triumphus Capinonis*," in which Hütten celebrates in eloquent verse the triumph of Reuchlin over his accusers.

Hütten's extraordinary abilities were not appreciated by his own family. They considered one of the most popular poets and learned men of the day as a disgrace to their nobility. Three courses only were open to him without, in their eyes, soiling his nobility. For one of these—war—his delicate frame unfitted him; for another—the Church—he had early shown an insuperable dislike; the third alone—the law—remained open. Doctors of law often became the councillors and agents of princes; and it was decided by the friends of Hütten that he should again repair to Italy, in order to obtain that legal diploma, which even a noble Franconian might bear, without detracting from his dignity. He departed unwillingly; but, in deference to the wishes of his friends, applied himself to legal studies with conscientious ardour. But in vain he tried to take an interest in that subtle and perplexing science; and, in some of his subsequent works, he speaks in strong terms of reprobation and dislike of the civilians, and the expense and complication of the system which they had substituted for the old laws and customs of Germany.

During this visit to Italy, Hütten witnessed, with strong indignation, the vices and corruption of the Papal court. Almost all the great men who have seen Papal Rome, during the period of its grandeur, have, however, felt and recorded the same impression; few more strongly than Petrarch. Boccaccio, Luther, Hütten, Montaigne, Rabelais, were all disgusted with the vice, venality, and luxury, which they witnessed. At this period, under Leo X., assassination, the most shameful vices, debauchery of every kind, and unbridled luxury, were rife in Rome; in every relation of public and private life, idleness, ignorance, and bad faith, were commonly practised; everything could be bought, even pardon for the most infamous crimes. Hütten's sentiment of religion was deeply wounded, and his anger strongly excited, and he returned to Germany a determined foe of the Roman see.

During this journey to Italy he had an opportunity of signaling his personal bravery and skill in the use of the sword. One day, while on the road to Viterbo, he heard five French-

men ridiculing Maximilian, the German emperor, and interfered to defend him. The discussion became warm; words led to blows; swords were drawn, and the five Frenchmen at once threw themselves upon Hütten. He, nothing daunted, received them gallantly—setting his back against a wall to prevent his being surrounded—and succeeded, after a severe conflict, in killing one of their number, and putting the rest to flight. He was finally obliged to leave Italy without the title of doctor of laws; but, instead of this, the Emperor Maximilian—who had heard of his adventures, and of his gallant defence of the imperial honour—made him a knight, and also conferred upon him the title of imperial poet and orator; and, in April, 1517, the laurel crown was placed upon his brows by the beautiful Constance, the daughter of Pentinger, called the Pearl of Augsburgh. The diploma, conferring the title of imperial poet and orator, is still preserved, and from this time, Hütten takes the title of “*Poëta et Orator*,” and is represented on the frontispiece of his works in complete armour, and with his brows girt with laurel. At a later period, when he had commenced his attacks upon Rome, his portraits represent him with his hand upon the hilt of his sword, which is half drawn from its sheath.

The honours conferred upon Hütten by the emperor, produced a complete reconciliation between him and his father; and Hütten became for some time a resident at the Château of Steckelberg. While there, he discovered, in the library of the Abbey of Fulda, a manuscript treatise of Laurentius Valla upon the pretended donation of Constantine to the Roman see. The author had, in the preceding century, been condemned as a heretic, and his book burned. It refutes, with great eloquence and learning, the pretended donation, and Hütten judged that he could not better open the campaign against Rome than by its publication. It was printed at the Château of Steckelberg; and Hütten, with characteristic audacity, prefixed to it a dedication to Leo X. This work—as we learn from himself—produced a profound impression upon the mind of Luther, and had a great influence in inducing him to break entirely with the court of Rome.

“I have in my hands,” he writes to a friend, “the Donation of Constantine, refuted by Laurentius Valla, edited by Hütten. Good God! what ignorance or what perversity in that court of Rome! And how must we wonder at the designs of God, who has permitted that falsehood so impudent, gross, and impure, should prevail during ages, and should be even received in the decretals, and among the articles of faith, that nothing might be a-wanting to the most monstrous of monstrosities. I am so agitated, that I scarcely any

longer doubt that the Pope is truly Antichrist. All agrees: what he does, what he says, and what he ordains."

It may be observed, however, that Hütten's decisive attack against Rome was made several years before Luther took any determined step against the Pope; and it is worthy of note, how the writings of Hütten influenced a genius as original and fearless, but more large and genial than his own.

The year 1519 was one of the busiest in Ulrich's life. In that year he published his terrible philippic against the duke of Wurtemberg, joined the army that was to chase him from his dominions, edited an edition of the works of Livy, fulminated against Rome and her legates three dialogues, full of energy, eloquence, and sarcasm, and dedicated to Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V., a work upon the quarrel between the Emperor Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII., which, like the treatise of Laurentius Valla, he had discovered in the library of the Abbey of Fulda. At the same time, he maintained a correspondence with the most distinguished men of his time; many of whom exhorted him to continue his efforts against the corruptions and exactions of Rome. The moment appeared favourable. The powerful archbishop of Mayence was his protector and friend. Erasmus assured him that Ferdinand, the emperor's brother, held him in the highest esteem. Sickingen, the representative of German chivalry, offered his services; while the emperor himself was on bad terms with the Pope, who, in the contest for the German empire, had favoured the claims of his rival, Francis I. Hütten did not long hesitate, but with the war-cry, "*Jacta est alea*" (the die is cast), which afterwards became his motto, threw himself into the van of conflict, and prepared to deal an effective blow against Rome. At the same time, he was well aware of the dangers he must encounter; but in the cause of truth and freedom he was prepared to dare them all. But in order to spare his family from the persecutions which menaced him, he desired his parents to cease all communication with him; and when, on his father's death, the succession to the family estates opened to him, he gave them up to his younger brothers. The latter part of his life is complete self-abnegation.

The blow which Hütten meditated, fell heavily, when he published his "*Trias Romana*," which was first written in Latin, and afterwards translated into German. This terrible wound still rankles in the side of Rome. The satire represents in the most lively and truthful manner her enormous corruptions, the intolerable exactions and insults to which she had

subjected Germany, and the necessity of a complete and violent revolution. Whoever would know to what lengths the Papacy dared to proceed, in the days of our fathers, should read this book. It is in the form of a dialogue, in which the speakers are Hütten himself and his friend Ehrenhold, to whom Hütten recounts what he has been told of the court of Rome by a traveller, named Vadiscus. These recitals take the form of triads, frequently interrupted by the exclamations and reflections of the two friends. Our limits will only permit us to give a very short specimen, which may, however, afford some idea of the character of the work :—

“Three things maintain the renown of Rome: the power of the Pope, relics, and indulgences. Three things are brought from Rome by those who go there: a bad conscience, a ruined stomach, an empty purse. Three things are not to be found in Rome: conscience, religion, faith in an oath. At three things the Romans laugh: the probity of their ancestors, the Papacy of St. Peter, the last judgment. Three things abound in Rome: poison, antiquities, empty places. Three things are completely a-wanting: simplicity, moderation, and loyalty. Three things are publicly sold by the Romans: Christ, ecclesiastical dignities, and women. Of three things they have a horror: a general council, Church reformation, and the progress of enlightenment.”

The “*Trias Romana*” created a vast sensation in Germany, and principally contributed to produce the manifestation of popular opinion against the Papal legates, in 1519 and 1520. “By this pamphlet,” says Cochlans, “Hütten has made the name of the Romish court the most odious in Germany.” But, at the same time, it roused against its author the formidable wrath of the Papacy; but, ere it burst upon his head, he had gained a new title to it, by the publication, in 1520, of several letters, written by the most famous universities of Europe, as to the best means of putting an end to the schism then existing in the Church. His object in this publication was to show with what freedom and boldness the ancient universities had written concerning the rights of the people, the emperor, general councils, and the unlawful pretensions of the Popes; and thus to excite the emulation of the great seminaries of learning in his own time. Soon after the publication of these letters, the archbishop of Mayence received a Papal brief, expressing grief and astonishment, that such works had been suffered by him to be printed within his diocese, and almost under his own eyes; and further exhorting him to punish the impudence of a certain Hütten, that his chastisement might prove a warning and an example to others. Upon this, the archbishop demanded from Hütten a promise to write nothing farther against the court of

Rome, which was promptly refused, and he then forbade the reading of his works, under pain of excommunication.

Hütten, thus deprived of his hopes of finding in the archbishop a coadjutor in his great work, hastened to put himself in communication with Luther, whose energetic character and language he admired, and in whom he was now ready to recognise the chief of the Reformation. In 1519 he had offered him a safe asylum with Sickingen; and in June, 1520, he wrote to him, exhorting him to be of good cheer, congratulating him on his work, and offering himself as a second to him in all his strifes. It was during this year that Luther burnt the Pope's bull, and published his "Babylonish Captivity," and "Appeal to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation for the Reformation of the Church."

After this, Hütten repaired to Brabant, where Ferdinand then held his court, in expectation of the arrival of his brother, Charles V., who was on a progress through his German dominions. But he soon saw that the emperor, though elected in spite of the opposition of the Pope, had no intention of quarrelling with him, as he might prove useful in his contemplated designs upon Italy. Hütten, therefore, made but a short stay at court, especially as he was warned that the legate had determined to have him removed either by poison or the dagger. He first fled to Mayence, and afterwards to Frankfort, where he learnt that the Pope had written to several princes, and, in particular, to the archbishop of Mayence, to seize him, and send him a prisoner to Rome. At length the legate required the emperor to put Hütten to the ban of the empire, and to permit the agents of the Roman court to arrest his person wherever they might meet with him. On seeing the perils which thus menaced him, and the danger of lending him any assistance, many of Hütten's friends forsook him; but he himself, far from being discouraged, only became more resolute to defend the truth. His steady friend, Franz von Sickingen, the last representative of the old German chivalry—lion-heart and arm of iron—offered him, in his Château of Ebernbourgh, an impregnable defence against violence; and thence, like Luther afterwards at Wartburgh, he continued to issue works that stirred the German heart. He published letters to the archbishop of Mayence, to the Knight von Rotenham, and to the Emperor Charles V. In the last of these, he dwells with much strength and eloquence upon the insult offered to the imperial dignity by the pretensions of the Pope to the right of arresting and carrying in chains to Rome a German knight, a member of that body, of which Charles was the head. Sickingen sent this letter to the emperor, but its only effect was a promise that

Hütten should not be delivered up to the Papal emissaries, without being brought to trial.

Another letter was written by the reformer to the princes, nobles, and people of Germany; but the most eloquent and important of the series is that addressed to Frederick of Saxony, the resolute protector of Luther, in which the whole controversy between the Pope and the free nobles and people of Germany, is placed in the clear light of justice and liberty. The whole letter is admirable; but we can only give the concluding words:—

“And now I fly from cities, because I cannot abandon the truth; I live in solitude, because I cannot live free in society. For the rest—I despise the dangers which threaten me; for I can die, but I cannot be a slave. I cannot endure with patience the servitude of my country. But one day, perhaps, I shall sally forth from my retreat, I shall burst into the crowd, and cry to my fellow-citizens: ‘Who will live and die with Hütten for liberty?’”

Luther, on sending this letter to Spalatin, to transmit to the Elector, writes: “Good God! what will be the end of all these innovations! I begin to believe that the Papacy, hitherto invincible, will be overthrown, contrary to all expectation, or else the last day approaches.”

For a long time Hütten believed that a reformation in Church and state might be brought about in Germany, through the instrumentality of the higher classes alone. But he now found that little dependence was to be placed on the great, who chiefly studied their own selfish ends. He, therefore, determined to address himself to the German people; and, in 1520, published a German translation of his letter to the Elector of Saxony, and shortly afterwards a poem, in German, having for title: “Complaint and Warning against the excessive anti-Christian Power of the Pope, and against the Irreligion of the Religious Orders, written in verse by U. von H., poet and orator, for the benefit of all Christendom, and especially of Germany, his native country. The die is cast. I have dared it.” This poem, full of noble thoughts, expressed in eloquent language, and in which the rhyme assisted to fix them in the memory of the reader, produced a remarkable effect in Germany. The poorest bought it, the most ignorant could comprehend it; and new editions were called for almost every month.

In this same year, 1520, so fertile in the life of Hütten—so important in the history of the Reformation, Hütten translated into German several of his dialogues, and also his famous “Trias Romana,” and published them with an affecting and manly dedication to Franz von Sickingen, his dear friend and

steady protector. The famous Diet of Worms, which soon afterwards took place, exercised a powerful influence upon the tide of events in Germany. It forced what had hitherto been a peaceful movement, which promised to revolutionize Germany by the mere power of the word, into violent and warlike action. The emperor believed that the Pope might be useful to him in his designs upon Italy, and therefore sacrificed to him, without a scruple, the cause of liberty, and the hopes of the reformers. Luther was put to the ban of the empire as a member cut off from the Church of God, with all his friends, adherents, and protectors; his writings were ordered to be burnt, and, that none of a similar sort might appear in future, a strict censorship was appointed over the printing offices. The violence of this edict, however, defeated its own ends; for, in spite of the flames and the censorship, the writings of Luther were everywhere spread abroad. A number of anonymous writers, too, appeared to defend his cause, but Hütten signed his name to the violent diatribe which he fulminated against Alexander, the Papal legate, whose activity and intrigues had been chiefly instrumental in procuring the Edict of Worms. During the sitting of the Diet he published four pamphlets, of which one called "The Brigands," discusses the important question of the possibility of a union between the nobles and the mass of the people, seeing that there was no longer any hope from the emperor, and that the princes were indifferent, timid, or gained over by the Pope.

Charles V., after having sacrificed Luther to the Pope, in order to make an enemy the more to his political rival, Francis I., tried to enlist in his service the talents of Sickingen, and the energy and eloquence of Hütten; and, with the view of gaining them over, sent his confessor, Glapion, to the Château of Ebernbourg. Of this man Hütten declares: "Never was there a greater hypocrite; everything in him deceives—face, eyes, mouth, speech, gestures. He accommodates himself to all situations, and changes along with circumstances." This cunning ambassador won over the two friends, probably by holding out to them the prospect of ultimately gaining the support of the emperor to their views. Sickingen raised an army of 3,000 cavalry, and 12,000 foot, intending to penetrate by a bold march into the heart of France; but the Count of Nassau, who was general, insisted upon first beseiging Mezières. This was defended by the famous Bayard, and then the two model knights of Germany and France found themselves opposed. The result was, that the imperialists were repulsed and obliged to retire, and Sickingen, besides his other losses, lost the hope of attaching the emperor by gratitude for his services.

Soon after this, Sickingen and Hütten, at the head of the knights of the Rhine, commenced the war against the priests; and, to further the cause of the confederates, Hütten again took up his powerful pen, and again assailed the pride, avarice, indolence, and grinding exactions of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The campaign of this, the first war of the Reformation, opened by an attack against the bishop of Trêves. Sickingen, however, was defeated by the bishop and his allies, the châteaux of his friends and adherents successively taken and destroyed; and he himself, hotly pursued, separated from Hütten, shut himself up in his Château of Landsfelt, determined to fight to the last, and there he found a soldier's death among the ruins of his castle.

Hütten now found himself compelled to fly from Germany, and seek a refuge in Switzerland. Entirely devoid of resources, by means of his generous abandonment of his patrimony, driven from his native country, and with no secure asylum, he yet refused to accept a pension of four hundred crowns, offered to him by Francis I., with the right of choosing his own place of residence. He could not bear, even in his deep poverty and distress, to be a pensioner on the bounty of the great enemy of the German emperor. At the town of Basle Hütten was well received. The members of the town council, and the whole population, pressed around the famous, but unhappy, fugitive. His old friend, Erasmus, alone stood aloof from him, as he always did from misfortune and danger, and entreated him not to call upon him unless he had an absolute necessity for seeing him. Pity that this great literary genius should have had the heart of a selfish coward. Basle was not, however, to furnish a calm retreat to the persecuted reformer. The bishop loudly demanded that he should be driven away, and the senate, not daring to resist, entreated Hütten to leave them for the sake of the public peace and his own personal safety. He submitted, and removed to Mulhausen, where the magistrates and citizens had been for some time consulting as to the propriety of establishing the reformed worship; and there, on the 12th March, 1523, he had the satisfaction of assisting at the solemn suppression of the Romish ritual. At Mulhausen, Hütten enjoyed for a time much sympathy and kindness, which soothed the bitterness of his patriotic regrets, and made him forget the uncertainty of his position, and the pains of the malady which was sapping his strength. But here he was struck by a barbed arrow from the quiver of a former friend, for he received a letter from Erasmus full of insulting speeches and perfidious attacks upon the principal reformers. This cowardly assault awakened all his indignation, and he replied in a violent pamphlet, in which he

lashed the compromising, easy conscience of the man who wished at once to preserve his private life in peace, and to send war in the world by his writings.

But the exile was not long to enjoy a quiet haven. A reaction against the Reformation, excited by the priests, took place at Mulhausen, and Hütten found himself once more compelled to seek a new refuge. This he found at Zurich, beside the great Swiss reformer, Zwingli, who thus writes of him to his friend Pirekheimer :—

“Is this your terrible Hütten, that destroyer, that conqueror! He who comforts himself with such humility and sweetness towards his friends, towards children, and the poorest of men! How can we believe that a mouth so amiable has raised such a tempest?”

But the strength of this indomitable and hardly-tried man was fast failing him. On the 12th May, 1524, he writes to his friend Eoban Hess :—

“Will not fate at length cease so cruelly to pursue me? My only consolation is that I have courage equal to my misfortunes. Germany, fallen as she is, can no more afford me an asylum: a voluntary flight has brought me into Switzerland, and will perhaps conduct me further still. I hope that God will one day unite the friends of the truth, now dispersed over the world, and will humble our enemies.”

Perhaps this good hope was present with the hero to the end, and soothed the bitterness of a death among strangers, far from his native country, and from all he loved and cherished.

Zwingli had sent Hütten to the island of Uffnau, on the Lake of Zurich, that he might have the benefit of the attendance of the clergyman, who was skilled in medicine; and there he died on the 29th August, 1524, at the early age of thirty-six, and there his remains repose. No monument marks the grave of one of the noblest champions ever raised up to defend the civil and religious liberties of mankind; and by a strange caprice of destiny, the burial-place of the deadliest foe of monastic establishments now belongs to the convent of Einsiedeln. Lamentations over the melancholy and premature death of Hütten were not wanting. Crotus Rubianus and Melancthon paid their tribute of praise and of regret, and his friend, Eoban Hess, in a few simple words, has summed up his character and celebrated his virtues: “No one was a greater enemy of the wicked; no one a greater friend of the good.”

ART. VI.—THE WORLD OF MIND.

The World of Mind. By Isaac Taylor. London: Jackson & Walford.

ANY book from Stanford Rivers, with the imprimatur of the gifted author who resides there, will at once attract a large and discriminating public to its perusal. No commendation of ours, accordingly, is needful to elicit a due reception to this his latest work. Already it will have been gratefully studied by hundreds of readers, whose judgment will accord with ours, that it is nowise inferior to his former works, either in vigour and originality of speculation or in its terse, translucent style.

The subject of the work is vast—boundless; nor has even the scope to which the author narrowed himself been circled and completed. He has adopted a very correct though not exhaustive classification of the facts of the mental world, in the three divisions: 1. The Physiology of the Mind, or Psychology; 2. Metaphysics; 3. Logic. On the latter of these divisions he has not entered; and he must allow us to say we wish that he had omitted the second. His treatment of metaphysical truth is such as we might have expected from an amateur, whose mind throughout a long life has been conversant with the intricately intermingled problems of science, history, and morals, but who, from the very absorption and education of the faculties in objective truth, could not have acquired that intensity and precision of reflective insight which severe practice and long acquaintance with the objects of his research alone can impart. Hence his first *faux pas*: He is induced, contrary to his own exposition of the natural order and history (as it were) of his subject, to treat metaphysics—which, he says, gives us the ultimate abstractions into which our thoughts are reducible—before he has mentioned even the faculties or methods by which thoughts of any kind are generated or elaborated in the mind.

Then his notions of metaphysical truth are in violation of all that mental analysis has achieved since Plato and Aristotle. His rude definition of metaphysics seems to be that it is the science of abstractions; and all abstract conceptions, *notiones a rebus abstractæ*, are clubbed and packed together under the head of metaphysics. Accordingly, the distinctive colours of objects, the laws of nature, the separate passions of the soul, are somehow or other jumbled upon this arena in company with those fundamental conceptions of time, space, causation, &c., which are supposed to be its peculiar tenants.

He has, in fact, egregiously mistaken the object of metaphy-

sics. Let us take his own example in proof of this statement. He says: If we conceive a solid sphere, we may abstract its colour, its taste, its sound, one after another, yet its shape remains. Again, we may abstract its very shape, and yet believe that indefinitely a something exists in its place. But farther, we may abstract existence even. "What is there, then, where it was, but where now it is not? The answer may be, Nothing; for I may imagine the atmosphere and every gas removed from where it was. But the word Nothing, if it be taken in its simple sense, does not quite satisfy the mind. The annihilated sphere has left a sort of residual meaning in its place, or a shadow of reality, which asks a name. The remainder of meaning is symbolized, or represented, by the word Space; and when we have accepted it we feel as if an intellectual necessity had been supplied." This space he calls "an abstract notion." But, first, it is no abstract notion. An abstract notion would be the notion of some quality disjoined, separated from the solid sphere, such as its taste, colour, shape; but here all these have been abstracted, and left space after they have gone. The *solid sphere* has been abstracted, not the space; so that it were more correct to call the former an abstract notion than the latter. It will not do, then, to call metaphysical truths mere abstractions, like other qualities of being, for their very essential characteristic is, that they cannot be abstracted; but even when you have got to nothing as to existence, yet they remain.

2nd. The idea of space is not given through the senses, for every sensible quality may be abstracted, and yet the space which they occupied, and of which the senses can take no cognizance, remains indestructible. It yields to no analysis, and cannot be withdrawn, abstracted, or destroyed, even in thought. Whence, then, comes this notion of space, which cannot come through the senses? What is its nature and potency? These are the questions concerning which metaphysics is occupied; and yet of all these Mr. Taylor is ignorant or forgetful. Even, therefore, if we allow that this notion was eliminated and distinctly presented to the mind by some such process of abstraction as Mr. Taylor has supposed, we have discovered nothing with regard to its origin or its fundamental and necessary coherence with all our conceptions of being. We can discover nothing by abstraction that has not existed in a concrete form previous to our analysis. The qualities of matter that we abstract from the solid globe, and isolate from each other, were revealed to the mind through the senses. This explains their origin. It would be absurd to designate these qualities as the results or fruits of abstraction, which had

merely separated *them* from their entanglement and convolution in nature, and which can have no result but the clear exhibition of what already exists. But whence comes the notion of space, which, by a process of abstraction, is discovered to underlie and co-exist with all the qualities of every substance, as the necessary condition of their manifestation? And *what* imposes this necessity upon our modes of conception, or the actual modes of being? We submit that it is mere trifling to say that the notion of space is the last result of abstraction, as giving us any explanation of it whatsoever. Such a statement merely asserts that a thorough analysis of mental facts proves there is such a notion. But such an assertion is not metaphysics.

We confess to be surprised that Mr. Taylor should have written so carelessly on the difficult problems of metaphysics. Doubtless his reading and thought on these matters, amid such diversity of labour, must have been scant. It would have been better, therefore, to have omitted this division altogether. Under the first division, on the Physiology of the Mind, there is full compensation for the disappointment that may be felt under the second. As we might have expected, Mr. Taylor's converse with men and books has given him extensive knowledge of the various mental faculties, habits, desires which distinguish the human family. In this field of observation—not analysis—few men are more competent to report concerning the facts of the World of Mind than Mr. Taylor. His statements are novel, unhackneyed, and eminently suggestive. In this way the science of psychology will be best furthered when such men as Mr. Taylor contribute the records of a long and accurate experience as the facts on which it must rest. Every intelligent man might thus assist to exhibit the natural history of the human mind; but no one is better qualified for this object than he who has studied so profoundly the history of mind in some of its morbid developments, and whose learning and intercourse with mankind have been so varied and extensive as in the case of Mr. Taylor. We anticipate yet greater profit and pleasure from the supplementary volume on the World of Mind, which he has promised, and trust his engagements may allow him soon to produce.

Quarterly Review of French Literature.

WE cannot complain of a dearth of materials in beginning this our quarterly *résumé*. Books, and books of a solid, substantial, *boni fide* character, now stand before us, soliciting attention, and claiming that notice which unfortunately the short compass of a paragraph cannot supply. Some of these works we hope, at some future time, to review more fully; in the meanwhile, we purpose now glancing cursorily at them all, thus giving as complete a *tableau* as we can of the intellectual history of France during the last quarter.

The first name we have to record is one which will certainly not soon be forgotten, although since the period of the Reformation it has lost much of its *prestige*. Thomas Aquinas, even in the bosom of the Roman Church, no longer stands as the infallible doctor, the standard of orthodoxy, the unerring interpreter of truth; but, on the other hand, it would be worse than prejudice to deny his earnest piety, the depth of his learning, and the subtlety of his understanding. That huge metaphysical structure, to which the appellation of scholasticism has been given, remains identified with the writings of Thomas Aquinas, and we ought to feel thankful to the *savant* who enables us to study a system which has occupied so conspicuous a place in the annals both of the Church and of literature. The Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques proposed, five years ago, as the subject of one of its prizes, the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas; M. Jourdain's volumes¹ obtained the prize, and we have no hesitation in recommending them as one of the best monographies lately published on an important branch of philosophical speculation. They can, in fact, be considered as a complete history of scholasticism; for the author begins with the commentaries of Aristotle, given by Arabic and Jewish philosophers, and after having fully discussed and analyzed the works of the angelic doctor, he describes the influence they exerted, and the quarrels to which they gave rise, between the Dominicans and the Franciscans. M. Jourdain, in his preface, apologizes for the unavoidable dryness of the subject he has taken in hand; of course it is impossible to throw around a discourse about metaphysics all the liveliness of a novel, but we think that the author of the book we are now noticing, far from being dry and obscure, has succeeded in making a work on the history of scholasticism interesting, even for readers who are not generally versed in the mysteries of philosophical lore. M. Jourdain is one of the children of that *Université de France*, upon which so much foul abuse has lately been poured. In his ser-

¹ La Philosophie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin. Par Charles Jourdain, Agrégé des Facultés des Lettres, Chef de Division au Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Cultes. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut Impérial de France (Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques). 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

mons, preached at the Tuileries, before the Emperor, Father Ventura cannot find terms sufficiently strong to denounce that "travail infernal s'accomplissant chaque jour dans nos maisons d'éducation, sous prétexte d'y enseigner la belle littérature;" he speaks almost with a tone of fury of those "quatre-vingt mille païens, vomis chaque année par les collèges, se ruant aux emplois, se mêlant à la masse sociale qu'ils corrompent en la paganisant." From such an outburst of indignation, the reader will fancy that all French *savants* are bent upon deeds of darkness, and they would certainly not expect to find one of them studying Thomas Aquinas, much less writing in praise of scholasticism. The fact is, that the French University has always been a centre of opposition against ultramontanist doctrines, and the Jesuits cannot forget that the archives of the Sorbonne contain more than one formal denunciation of those fatal doctrines, which have, more than anything else, hastened on the Continent the progress of infidelity and scepticism.

M. Jouffroy's "Cours de Droit Naturel"² is one of those works Father Ventura visits with all the thunders of his eloquence. Not long since removed from the scene of his labours, M. Jouffroy was once bold enough to show how the blind infatuation of the Roman Catholic Church was gradually leading to the dissolution of a corrupt form of Christianity. It is true that in exchange for a faith which he could cling to no longer, he had grasped at nothing except doubt and uncertainty; it is true that he vainly sought to find in philosophy the key of the problem of life; but then whom shall we make responsible for this catastrophe, if not the Church which teaches her children to receive with the same deference the being and attributes of God and the fable of transubstantiation, the adoration of relics, and the doctrine of the Trinity? In turning to the "Cours de Droit Naturel," we must not forget that M. Jouffroy was essentially a Rationalist; yet even a position such as that leaves full scope for a true appreciation of the principles which lie as the basis of all moral philosophy, and upon which is founded the great distinction between right and wrong. M. Jouffroy never had the originality, the brilliancy, the *éclat* of M. Cousin as a lecturer; but there was about his manner something so solemn, so earnest, that it produced an effect more lasting than the teaching of the justly celebrated representative of French eclecticism, and this earnestness of manner gives a peculiar charm to the "Cours de Droit Naturel," in its present form, stripped of the adventitious *prestige* which lectures commonly derive from the circumstances of the moment. The two volumes, recently published by M. Hachette, contain all that M. Jouffroy wrote on a subject he intended to have treated with much greater detail; they are most suggestive, and we recommend especially to our readers the beautiful discourses on pantheism and scepticism; they occur in the first volume.

It is not only the phenomena of our moral nature, which, directly

² Cours de Droit Naturel, Professé à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Par Th. Jouffroy. 2 vols., 8vo. Third Edition. Paris: Hachette.

observed, can afford food for the metaphysician, and engage the meditations of the accurate observer: the vicissitudes of language, the construction of an idiom, the niceties of comparative grammar, likewise supply more than one text for teaching of this description, and, indeed, the true grammarian seems to us to be the man who can study the human mind, its evolutions and its workings, behind the inflections of syntax and the details of etymology. This circumstance imparts an exceptional merit to M. Lafaye's "*Dictionnaire des Synonymes*,"³ a work, the first part of which obtained the linguistic prize, lately bestowed by the Institute of France. M. Lafaye's introduction is unquestionably the best work on the philosophy of grammar which we have met with for a long time; it is not only useful as a complete specimen of lexicography, but the definitions adopted by the author testify to the soundness and clearness of his views as a moralist and a philosopher. Let our friends, for instance, turn to page 665, and see how carefully, how forcibly M. Lafaye explains the difference which exists between "*homme de bien*," "*honnête homme*," "*homme d'honneur*," and "*galant homme*." The improper use of one of these expressions instead of another, is not only grammatically wrong: it proves also that the person who commits the blunder does not sufficiently understand the difference existing between the ideas which the words respectively convey.

From M. Hachette's catalogue we pass on to M. Durand's. The examination of Corneille's "*Dramatic Theories*"⁴ is a very interesting subject, especially from the fact that both the *classiques* and *romantiques* have, with equal determination, claimed the author of "*Les Horaces*" as their progenitor; but the *brochure* of M. Rabanis on the discussion between Pope Clement V. and Philip the Fair, king of France, falls more appropriately within the compass of the works generally discussed in *THE ECLECTIC REVIEW*,⁵ and, therefore, we turn to it at once. It is well known, that on the authority of the Italian historian Villani, most modern writers have admitted the hypothesis of an interview between the French king and Bertrand du Got, bishop of Bordeaux, before the election of this latter personage to the Papacy, under the name of Clement V. This interview was reported to have taken place at Saint Jean d'Angély; and Philip the Fair, as the tradition ran, had imposed upon the prelate six conditions of his promotion to the papal see. These conditions

³ Lafaye. *Dictionnaire des Synonymes de la Langue Française, avec une Introduction sur la Théorie des Synonymes*. Ouvrage dont la Première Partie a obtenu de l'Institut le Prix de Linguistique en 1843. 8vo., pp. 1,200. Paris: Hachette.

⁴ *Des Principes de Corneille sur l'Art Dramatique*. Thèse de Doctorat présentée à la Faculté des Lettres de Lyon. Par B. Duparay, Licencié ès Lettres, Professeur de Rhétorique au Collège de Chalon-sur-Saône. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

⁵ *Clément V. et Philippe le Bel. Lettre à M. Charles Daremberg sur l'Entrevue de Philippe le Bel et de Bertrand de Got, à Saint Jean d'Angély; suivie du Journal de la Visite Pastorale de Bertrand de Got dans la Province Ecclésiastique de Bordeaux en 1304 et 1305*. Par M. Rabanis. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

were: 1st. The absolution of the king and his ministers, who had been excommunicated on account of their violence against Boniface VIII.; 2nd. The solemn condemnation of the acts and memory of Boniface; 3rd. The rehabilitation of the cardinals belonging to the Colonna family, degraded by the late Pope, and deprived of all their fortune; 4th. The suppression and condemnation of the Knights Templars; 5th. The right on the part of the king to collect, during five years, tithes from Church property; 6th. A last clause, which Philip the Fair reserved to himself the faculty of stating subsequently, but which the Pope elect pledged himself to grant, like the five others. Now, as just said, up to the present time all historians have admitted this anecdote, on the strength of Villani's statement: Sponde, Fleury, Du Puy, Duchesne, Sismondi, Hallam, Michelet, believe it, and repeat it in their works. When, lo! M. Rabanis steps forward, and with the help of a curious document, which he has recently discovered, he overthrows completely the whole structure so dexterously raised up by the Italian annalist. Villani's composition still enjoys a world-wide reputation, for which it is indebted to the numerous anecdotes, collected together through the industry of the writer; but he has allowed himself to be influenced by *Italian* prejudices, and the tissue of falsehoods which he has accumulated, in relating the election of Clement V., originated in his hostility to the French party, which then was all powerful, and, especially, amongst the members of the conclave.

M. Dansin's volume⁶ is another contribution to the history of the internal and foreign government of France. The author endeavours to claim for Charles VII. the merit of some of the reforms generally ascribed to Louis XI., and if he occasionally fails to convince us, yet we must acknowledge that the details he puts together are extremely instructive, as illustrating very fully an eventful period in the history of our neighbours. M. Benloew's learned *aperçu* makes us long to see the publication of the comparative treatise on the Indo-European language of which it is to be the introduction;⁷ after having been issued periodically in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*, M. Desjardins' bulletins of the sittings held by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, now appear in the shape of a handsome volume, containing, besides, a complete summary of the history of the Académie and lists of all the members.⁸ We hope that M. Desjardins will be induced to go on with his work, and that he or some other *savant* will take up, in a similar manner, the

⁶ Histoire du Gouvernement de la France, pendant le Règne de Charles VII. Par Hippolyte Dansin, Docteur ès Lettres, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale, Professeur d'Histoire au Lycée de Strasbourg. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

⁷ Aperçu Général de la Science Comparative des Langues, pour servir d'Introduction à un Traité Comparé des Langues Indo-Européennes. Par Louis Benloew, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Dijon. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

⁸ Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Comptes-Rendus des Séances de l'Année 1857. Précédés d'une Notice Historique sur cette Compagnie. Par M. Ernest Desjardins, Docteur ès Lettres, Professeur d'Histoire au Lycée Impérial Bonaparte, Membre de la Commission Centrale de la Société de Géographie. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

four other sections of the Institute. In examining M. Rhalli's "Collection of Canons issued by the Greek Church,"⁹ Dom Pitra, a French Benedictine, naturally seizes the opportunity of discussing the *vexata questio* of the schism between the Eastern and Western communities. His critique, originally contributed to the *Univers* newspaper, deserves to be read in connexion with the very learned and curious compilation which suggested it. M. Raffy's compendiums of history and geography, should not be allowed to pass without, at least, a slight notice.¹⁰ Of M. de Pressensé's new volume,¹¹ we purpose giving, very shortly, the full analysis it every way deserves; suffice it to say at present, that French Protestantism has not for many years produced an original work on Church history so characterized by sound learning, independence of mind, and, at the same time, breathing the spirit of true piety. M. de Pressensé is thoroughly versed in the masterpieces of classical, ecclesiastical, and exegetical literature. He has availed himself of the vast resources made available by German critics, without allowing his judgment to be led astray by their theories; in short, he has produced a work which, when brought to completion, will be indeed a monument of which contemporary French Protestantism may well be proud.

When we talk of *Protestantism*, we cannot help thinking of the eighteenth century, that epoch which was also a protest, though a misguided one, against the despotism, the hypocrisy, the abuses of the reign of Louis XIV. A great many writers have lately been applying themselves, with more or less success, to the delineation of that extraordinary era. Messrs. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt deserve special notice for the care with which they have collected autograph documents of every description, letters, journals, biographies, poems, &c., illustrating their favourite heroes.¹² The commentaries they give on these numerous *analecta curiosa*, are always very interesting, and generally borne out by the truth; but we are inclined to wish that the authors would adopt a more unaffected style, and that, at the risk of throwing overboard some of their *esprit*, they would not take as their pattern the *prétentieux* style of the personages they are evidently at home with.

M. Arsène Houssaye is a writer of far higher powers than the gentlemen we have just named, but with the same aim and the same

⁹ Des Canons et des Collections Canoniques de l'Eglise Grecque, d'après l'édition de M. G. A. Rhalli, Président de l'Aréopage. Par le R. P. Dom J. B. Pitra, Religieux Bénédictin de la Congrégation de France. 8vo. Paris: A. Durand.

¹⁰ Repetitions Ecrites d'Histoire et de Géographie, pour le Baccalauréat ès Lettres, le Baccalauréat ès Sciences, et l'Ecole de Saint-Cyr. Par M. C. Raffy, Professeur de Géographie et d'Histoire. Deuxième Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

¹¹ Histoire des Trois Premiers Siècles de l'Eglise Chrétienne. Par E. de Pressensé. 8vo. Vol. I. Paris: Meyrueis.

¹² Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Portraits Intimes du Dix-huitième Siècle. Etudes Nouvelles. D'après les Lettres, Autographes, et les Documents Inédits. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris: Dentu.

purpose. His "Galerie du Dix-huitième Siècle,"¹³ is not only a set of very clever sketches on the leading characters of the last century, it is also a series of brilliant chapters, where almost every sentence is a sparkling gem, full of point and of terseness. A constant succession of such effective, such *telling* paragraphs, is apt to fatigue us; we are always kept in a state of excitement, and we feel that after five volumes of witty sayings, a prosy chapter or two would produce a sensation of great relief. This, we hope, M. Houssaye will take as a compliment, and it would not be very difficult to find amongst his fellow *littérateurs* a foil for his sprightliness. M. Houssaye is so thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of the times he discusses, that even his style reminds us too often of Rivarol and Marivaux. This is a defect, and it is more particularly perceptible in poetry than in prose. The author of "La Poésie dans les Bois," has, however, too genuine a love of nature to fall into the errors of Dorat or Boufflers, and his volume of poems, composed of three works published at various intervals,¹⁴ is a production of no ordinary merit. Every period of the world's history must have its annalists, and Suetonius has left us memoirs of the twelve Cæsars; but Suetonius is no panegyrist; in the same manner we wish that M. Houssaye would be a little more severe whilst appreciating Louis XV. and his court.

Brief Notices.

A CATECHISM OF THE PHYSIOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY OF BODY, SENSE, AND MIND. By T. Wharton Jones, F.R.A.S. London: John Churchill.

THE purpose of education being to afford that safe employment for the faculties, without which man becomes mad and miserable, it is not surprising that the universe is ransacked with a view to making school-books. As our notion of a right education is founded upon the constitution of the human mind and body, and as we believe that intellectual satisfaction and healthful bodily action are the appropriate ends of thought, we hail with delight any work that gives us such direct and lucid responses to our inquiries concerning our minds and bodies, as may enable us the better to employ them. It is an invigorating exercise of mind to seek answers to our questions, as to the *what, why, and wherefore*, of any of the forms of existence; but a knowledge of the laws which govern the operation of our own mental and physical being, is essential to our successful endeavour after healthy enjoyment and usefulness. We have elsewhere argued that "The Physiology and Philosophy of Body, Sense, and Mind," are

¹³ Arsène Houssaye. Galerie du Dix-huitième Siècle. Sixième Edition, considérablement augmentée. 5 vols. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

¹⁴ Arsène Houssaye. Œuvres Poétiques. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

the best ground of practical mental training, and we are glad that such a man as Mr. Wharton Jones has set himself to simplify the matter, for we are convinced that his efforts will result in something still better than this catechism. We need to know the means, if not the mode, by which the functions of both mind and body are kept in healthful activity, or we talk in vain of prudence and forethought. That body and mind have been too much regarded as if independent of each other, instead of constantly co-operating, is the cause of the small success which has attended the best efforts of philosophic minds to ameliorate the condition of humanity; even Christians have been absurd in trying to cultivate the virtues without obeying the laws of God, in relation to both mind and body at once, as wedded together in this world. They have, so to say, endeavoured to dis sever what God has joined together, by treating the body and the spirit as foreign to each other, whereas the apostolic mode was to manage both together by keeping both up to the duties of life. Herein, however, stands the supremacy of Christian doctrine; it proves itself the true philosophy by revealing man's nature and requirements as divinely provided for; and, moreover, commands free inquiry, and requires that we should be put in possession of whatever knowledge may help us forward in pursuit of health and happiness. Hence, true science and Christianity are one in spirit and work together for the improvement of human nature in all its relations, social and individual. Hence our satisfaction at the appearance of little books of small price but of vast value for their intelligence, such as this before us, in which we have the results of the research of ages presented in a definite and mind-improving manner. Of course, the study of physiology in full for medical purposes must be special and technical; all we require in a work for the school-room, or the popular college, is a clear statement to show us the reasonableness of those principles and precepts on which wise physicians act in their endeavours to promote bodily and mental well-being. Such books are wanted to counteract the present tendency to super-refinement in education, especially amongst the more adorning sex; for a kind of veneering and French polish is, with them, at least, fast taking the place of the natural and the solid, and far more beautiful and useful, material which society and the home demand. A knowledge of natural facts always wears well in a mind engaged in natural duties. We, therefore, believe that as an important branch of mental training, the subject matter of Mr. Jones' catechism is fairly included in a liberal education. It prepares the mind to discriminate and observe, and apply those facts which are ever before us, and on a correct knowledge of which the safety of all we value depends. We, however, desiderate a simpler exposition than even this catechism contains, and we think that the subject would be better in the form of well-written reading lessons, than as matter to be verbally committed to memory; for we have reason to believe that schools, as at present conducted, are really impoverishing multitudes of minds, by loading the memory instead of exercising reason and reflection. There is really already vastly too much learning and

too little understanding. Mr. Jones would improve this catechism by explaining or translating the scientific terms more fully. As a school-book it is too puzzling, and without a glossary of terms being appended, a lady would be almost afraid to introduce it, lest her classes should confound her with questions as to the meaning of words which even the best scholars might be at a loss to answer. By way of putting a few of such words together, we will imagine a bright young miss saying, "Please, Miss Sophy, what is the *metamorphosis of tissue*, in the developing *primordial cell-substance*, by *osmotic* effect upon the *blastema*, through the walls of the *capillaries*, leaving *homogeneous* intercellular substances fundamentally *homologous*, whether as *nucleated cell-corpuscles*, or *filamentous* dilatations, of microscopic *tubules*?" This is an answerable question; but who could reply to it? To learn the meaning of words is, in fact, to learn all we can learn of the nature of things, and therefore we say that this catechism will be rendered far more valuable by a skilfully constructed glossary of the terms necessarily occurring in it.

THE MICROSCOPE; its Revelations and Applications in Science and Art. By John Ferguson, Minister of the Free Church, Bridge of Allan. Edinburgh; T. Constable & Co. London: Hamilton & Co.

IN this little book many of the wonders of that invisible world which the microscope has revealed, are aptly, eloquently, and judiciously presented to the reader. The discoveries, practical applications, and capabilities of the microscope are pointedly considered, and the facts are skilfully grouped, so as to illustrate one another, and to show that "all are under one—one Spirit—His who bore the platted thorns with bleeding brows." In short, the subject is handled in the spirit of those noble words of Coleridge: "I can truly affirm of myself, that my studies have been profitable and availing to me, only so far as I have endeavoured to use all my other knowledge as a *glass*, enabling me to receive more *light*, in a *wider field of vision*, from the word of God."

THE HUMAN MIND IN ITS RELATION WITH THE BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM. By Daniel Noble, M.D., &c., &c. London: J. Churchill. 1858.

DR. NOBLE exhibited much philosophical acumen in his "Elements of Psychological Medicine," and his reputation will not be diminished by the clear, succinct, and precise essay before us. It is a clever *résumé* of the doctrines of nerve-action in relation to mind. It may be regarded as a general statement of the correlation of psychology and nervous physiology both in health and disease; yet we conceive that the views of the writer would have undergone considerable modification had he been acquainted with the facts and inferences, now for the first time announced at the Royal College of Surgeons, in the lectures there delivered by Dr. E. Brown-Sequard. The manner in which the subject is carried out makes it complete up to the time, and it will be so far satisfactory to the prepared student that he may from this work acquire a clearer conception of normal

and abnormal nerve-action in relation to mind than he could obtain in any other way except from the careful sifting of numerous scattered works; while, at the same time, it will afford him a good starting point from whence to proceed into the region of discovery which is still being explored, and a map of which, so to say, has not been formed. The pith and marrow of all that is known with respect to the working of "the conscious principle with the encephalon," in the senses, and in the excito-motory and sympathetic systems in relation to intellect, emotion, will, and instinct, is lucidly presented in ten brief, well-considered, and well-written chapters. The general reader, however, will find some previous familiarity with the subject in its scientific terminology essential to his enjoyment of those chapters. After briefly reviewing the numerous psychological systems in a teaching manner, the author brings out Dr. Carpenter's views of the nervous system in relation to the more prominent facts of psychology, with some qualifications of his own founded on the observation of further facts. Thus he shows the analogy of the *reflex, the excito-motory or automatic system*, with the *ganglionic* systems, in which the *conservative* reflex actions are excited either with or without consciousness. The connexion of the *muscular sense* with the *cerebellum* is well made out. The centres of emotion and feeling are discriminated; emotion being supposed to operate through the *optic thalami* and *corpora striata*, and tactile sensibility through the *corpora striata*,—a view at variance with the opinions commonly taught. All psychical processes, involving ideas, are proved to pertain to "the hemispherical ganglia," thus affording ground for cranioscopic science. The domination of ideas over sensation and action is illustrated in a manner to throw considerable light on the nature of insanity. The whole substance of the work, when rightly read, so far from suggesting the impression that science favours materialism, points directly to the spirituality and unity of the conscious Ego, notwithstanding its diversified manifestations through organic intervention. "It is no more the case that the material brain is the conscious principle, and its separate parts divisions of the mind, than that the music of the lyre inheres in the instrument, and that the melodies which art can elicit from it are self-produced by the particular strings."

MEDICINE AND MEDICAL EDUCATION. Three Lectures, with Notes and an Appendix. By W. T. Gairdner, M.D., &c.

DR. GAIRDNER is a lecturer on the practice of physic in Edinburgh, whose ability as a medical logician has been tested in his paper on Homœopathy, one of "The Edinburgh Essays." These lectures and notes are the more worthy of attention at this time, since the subject of medical education is so much discussed, and so little understood. They are addressed to young men just entering on their professional career, and are not only calculated to promote a right spirit among the cultivators of the healing art, but also a better understanding between them and the public. The first lec-

ture was delivered as an Introductory Address at the opening of the medical session; the second relates to the medical art in connexion with popular education; the third, to the study of medicine as an art. To each lecture are appended notes, and to the third we have a very teaching comparison appended, exhibiting the triad of system-builders—Paracelsus, Brown, and Hahnemann. The style of the lectures is as clear and popular as their matter is instructive and interesting.

IMPRESSIONS OF WESTERN AFRICA. By Thomas J. Hutchinson, Her Majesty's Consul for the Bight of Biafra, and the Island of Fernando Po. London: Brown, Green, Longmans, & Co.

THIS work contains much valuable and authentic information concerning the state, productions, trade, and possibilities, of the Western Coast of Africa. The causes of failure in several calamitous expeditions along this coast, and into its rivers, are shown by the success of those precautions which the author, a medical gentleman, carried out on the principle that prevention is better than cure, during an expedition up the Niger, conducted by him in 1854. There are many lively descriptions of native life, and not a few useful observations on the mode of extending commerce in such a way as to lead to the suppression of the slave-trade. The influence of European bad habits in producing the destruction of Europeans is demonstrated; the value of quinine in preventing the African fever is proved; the cultivation of cotton is well illustrated, missionary labour is duly appreciated, and the whole work is interesting, instructive, and encouraging.

JOHN CASSELL'S ART TREASURES EXHIBITION. W. Kent and Co. 1858.

THIS handsome volume was suggested, Mr. Cassell tells us, by the Manchester Exhibition of last year. It is not, indeed, a record of that Exhibition; it does not include engravings of all the pictures in that magnificent aggregation of art treasures, and it does include copies of many which were not to be found at Manchester. But it follows up the design of the Exhibition by helping to extend a knowledge of art among the masses, and it does so in the most effectual way, for the original issue was in three-halfpenny weekly numbers, each number containing numerous woodcuts, accompanied by well-written notices of the pictures, and interesting biographies of the painters of them. The cuts are of various degrees of merit; some excellent, some not so good, though, as a whole, the collection is astonishingly even as to quality. The defects chiefly arise from the blocks having been overworked, and their more delicate portions worn down or destroyed. A wide range has been taken in making the collection, and the styles of engraving are as numerous almost as the styles of the artists represented. A better book for educating the eye we do not know, and as its cheapness and attractiveness must needs make it a household volume, it cannot fail of elevating the public taste, and conveying instruction and pleasure into many a

circle which would not have been reached without it. Nor, indeed, does it appeal to the general public only; the instructed amateur and the artist himself will find it useful in refreshing his memory and maintaining his knowledge.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS. By the Rev. George Albert Rogers, M.A. Pp. 120. Judd & Glass. 1858.

MR. ROGERS is a valuable clergyman of the Church of England, and the little work before us has circulated widely in the shape of separate tracts. These are entitled, "Jesus near Tyre;" "Jesus in Bethsaida;" "Jesus Transfigured;" "Jesus near Tabor;" "Jesus Paying Tribute;" "Jesus in a Village;" "Jesus and the Leper;" "Jesus near Jericho;" "Jesus Acquitting the Guilty;" "Jesus Teaching to Pray;" "Jesus Raising the Widow's Son;" "Jesus Weeping." These discourses are pointed, pious, and interesting.

MOTHERS AND SONS: a Story of Real Life. By William Platt, Esq. In Three Volumes. London: Charles Skeet. 1857.

THIS is such indescribable trash that we must be spared the task of characterizing it. It is to be hoped no human beings think, speak, or act, as his characters are made to do by the author, who seems as destitute of common sense, as deficient in the Queen's English. This is one of those books which defy conjecture as to the possibility of their existence; inconceivably beneath the most indulgent criticism, and a discredit to the credulous publisher. It were waste of words to expend them upon Mr. Skeet's blotted paper.

JOHN H. STEGGALL: A Real History of a Suffolk Man, narrated by himself. Edited by the Author of "Margaret Catchpole." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1857. Pp. 312.

READER, hast thou read "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye?" If thou hast not, order them forthwith, and indulge thy soul with some vigorous descriptions of low romance of the gipsy level, in delicious and classical English. And hast thou read "Margaret Catchpole," and "Mary Wellington?" If not, procure the same with all convenient speed, and trace in these simple annals of the poor, a love of adventure and a species of incident, which we are prone to suppose confined to more stirring times. If not sated with these, turn thine eye on the pages filled by a "Suffolk Man," first gipsy, then surgeon to a South-sea whaler, after that soldier, next country practitioner, and at the present writing, and for fifty years, a laborious and ill-paid curate of the Church of England. All these works exhibit an under-current of practical romance living and flowing beneath the quiet surface of English life, such as startles us every now and then by its exhibition, and enforces that recognition which we should *a priori* have denied it. They all prove, in sundry ways, and with various and very different merits as compositions, that "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

THE OBSTRUCTIVES AND THE MAN; OR, THE FORCES AND THE FUTURE OF EUROPE. By Integer. Stanford.

WHATEVER may be thought of this book, there can be but one opinion as to its originality. The author has compressed into its pages the results of extraordinary research and reflection, and, arranging his materials according to a somewhat eccentric plan, has produced, nevertheless, a most suggestive series of disquisitions. His writing is, in many respects, unpleasing; at times it is even repulsive in the tortuosity and violence of its denunciations; as when the author appeals to blood and ruin as among the powers of the future, which shall work out the political regeneration of the old world; but we have also found, in this unique and perplexing volume, many choice *opuscule* carefully sifted from masses of historical and polemical literature, and not a few passages of victorious analysis under which parts of the ancient state polity of Europe crumble away, leaving only the ashes of imposture and the dry bones of tradition. Without recommending the work as a manual for the use of students, we would direct to it the attention of those who desire to investigate the power of thought, and the motives now operating upon the intelligent, although depressed, class of political revolutionists upon the Continent. The pen of "Integer," although flexible and forcible in its employment of the English language, is apparently foreign, as the theories it developes obviously are.

THE ATONEMENT: being Four Discourses. By Charles Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., William Archer Butler, M.A., and Robert Hall, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

A JUDICIOUS selection of discourses upon this all-important doctrine; and it is gratifying in no small degree, to find that those eminent men, who were and are the ornaments of the sections of the Church to which they respectively belong, should manifest such an entire agreement upon the vital doctrine of their faith.

THE PURGATORY OF PRISONERS; or, an Intermediate Stage between the Prison and the Public; being some Account of the Practical Working of the New System of Penal Reformation introduced by the Board of Directors of Convict Prisons in Ireland. By the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A., Deacon of the Diocese of Oxford. London: Masters. Oxford: J. H. & G. Parker.

THE system described in these pages appears to be at once humane and reasonable, and remarkably successful. Our Irish friends have unquestionably taken a large stride a-head of us in the vigour and zeal wherewith they have prosecuted a social reform, which issues in the restoration to virtuous habits, and steady industry, of ninety-seven criminals out of a hundred. A system which holds out the hope of such a result is worthy of diligent examination, and, where feasible, of honest experiment. But how much the pleasure of examining it will be marred to the readers of Mr. Shipley's work, we need not say, when we describe that volume as disfigured with a scarcely disguised Popery. The title of Purgatory is adopted in

the full recognition of the Romish purgatory after death—"an estate through which all alike, within a prison and without, must eventually pass." Romish reformatories are commended in it systematically,—“the sound basis of religion which supports” them; and Protestant ones are disparaged. The lack of confession and absolution is regretted, and a convert from Romanism is said to have “cast aside her allegiance,” and is styled a “heartless renegade.” Looking at the title of the book, and substance, together with its place of issue and date—“*Cuddesdon, Oxon, Festival of S. Michael and all Angels*”—we cannot recommend it to our readers. We are constrained to own that we regard the author as a person who has, in soul at least, passed over the “intermediate stage” between the Popish apostacy and the Protestant Church of England.

WORSHIP GOD; an Argument and an Appeal on Reverence for the Sanctuary.
By E. W. Shalders, B.A. London: 1858.

MR. SHALDERS has written an admirable little book on a subject about which Nonconformists think little and speak less. A superstitious veneration for the visible sanctuary is the error of Romanists, a rationalistic disparagement of the solemnities of worship is the error of Protestant Nonconformists. There can be little doubt that multitudes of good Christian people are in danger of forgetting that public worship is an imperative Christian duty, as obligatory as private prayer. Ministers who have had occasion to grieve over indications of this lamentable tendency among their own people, cannot do better than recommend their friends to read and ponder Mr. Shalders's “Argument and Appeal.” The style of the book is as worthy of praise as its principles and aim.

THE SHEEPFOLD AND THE COMMON; OR, WITHIN AND WITHOUT. Vol. II. London: Blackie & Son.

HAVING already characterized this work in our notice of its first volume, we have little to say regarding the second, the plan being the same throughout, save that the tales are here completed, and some new characters introduced. Deep interest, undoubtedly, attaches to some of these narratives, and the argument for the Divinity of the Bible as against sceptics, and for the evangelical system as against dry orthodoxy and Tractarianism, is logically and eloquently put. The man who makes the author's arguments on these questions his own, will be strongly fortified against all comers, and need not fear to break a lance with infidels and formalists. There is heart in the book as well as power. The writer evidently felt the importance of the cause he was pleading. It is this fact which sustains the reader's interest throughout, and prevents that feeling of monotony which, in some large works of this class, destroys their utility. The illustrations given of the respective systems reviewed, are vivid and truthful, and the plates are admirable.

BIBLE STUDIES. Conducted on the Principle of a Progressive Development in Divine Teaching. By J. H. Titcomb, M.A., of St. Peter's College, Perpetual Curate of St. Andrew the Less, Cambridge. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1857.

THE author says, "These pages are designed to meet what I have long felt to be a great want in our Biblical literature, namely, a progressive view of Divine Revelation." We cannot do more, in this brief notice, than call attention to this book of Mr. Titcomb's; for the subject presents many points of interesting inquiry and discussion. But this much we may say, that while undoubtedly all true interpretation of Scripture must proceed upon "the principle of a progressive development," it is a question, whether this development can be exhibited in such a systematic form as to include all the minor events of each succeeding age, especially in the present defective state of the chronology of the Bible. But the author deserves all commendation for the evident pains-taking labour he has brought to his task; and we believe that the hope he expresses in the preface—"that it may be found especially useful to the pupil-teachers in our training colleges, to the conductors of Bible classes in our young men's societies, and to the advanced teachers in our Sunday schools"—will be realized.

THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE SEA: a Love Story. By M. Betham-Edwards. Two vols. London: Smith & Elder.

"THE White House by the Sea" is a love story of the romantic order, full of exciting interest—of the hopes, the sighs, the smiles, that make up the sum of human existence. Lindsay Jocelyn's career of deceit and subsequent repentance, Jennie's affectionate confidence and cruel bereavement, afford an opportunity for some thrilling descriptions; whilst "Chatty" presides over and pervades the whole story like a good and gentle angel. The characters, though not powerfully drawn, are well sustained; and a constant change of scene and adventure prevents the story from flagging.

ALMOST; OR, CROOKED WAYS: a Tale. By Anna Leslie, Author of "Self and Self-Sacrifice." London: Groombridge & Sons.

MISS LESLIE is the authoress of "Self and Self-Sacrifice," which commanded some attention at the time of its publication, more than a year ago. "Almost" belongs to the same class of novelettes; and is a didactic exposition of a certain idea of duty, conveying an excellent moral. The motto, in fact, which might well be adopted for the present tale, "Honesty is the best policy," sufficiently explains the intention of the book. The execution of the work, however, is not equal to the ability of the writer; the characters are in many instances overdrawn and unnatural. Floreen exhibits an amount of hypocrisy and depravity, scarcely reconcileable in one so young and so carefully tended. Some of the situations, too, are forced, and the style occasionally inflated; though, upon the whole, the writing is graceful and easy. As we have said, the intention of the tale is good.

BERTRAM NOEL: a Story for Youth. By E. J. May. London: Marlborough & Co.

"BERTRAM NOEL" is a story intended for youth; but it would be difficult to ascertain the exact benefit the youthful reader is expected to derive from it. The character of Bertram may be natural, but it is too irritable, harsh, and impetuous, to be loved or admired; and the contest which Evelyn sustains with herself is too strained and severe to be readily accepted. On the whole, however, "Bertram Noel" is an interesting tale, spiritedly written, and calculated to while away with pleasure the hours of an idle evening.

THE THREE SERJEANTS; OR, PHASES OF THE SOLDIER'S LIFE, with Details of the Battles of Quatre Bras, Waterloo, Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava, and Sebastopol. London: Effingham Wilson.

THE three serjeants who have contributed their quota of experience of a soldier's life, in the present volume, are Thomas Morris, ex-serjeant of the 73rd Highlanders; William Morris, ex-serjeant of the 63rd and 73rd regiments—these two being adorned with the Waterloo medal;—and William Morris, jun., colour-serjeant of the 63rd regiment, whose skill and courage have been rewarded with the Crimean medal with four clasps, and the French gold war medal. Such honourable marks of distinction we should have thought would have satisfied these veteran heroes, without dashing on to the battle-ground of literature, and enlisting under the banners of Captain Pen. However, having laid their sabres aside, and hung up their trophies, they felt, it appears, that there were anecdotes to be told, adventures to be related, experiences to be uttered, which might be amusing, if not instructive, to the reader in general. We heartily congratulate them, then, on the manner in which they have acquitted themselves; many a similar work, with more pretensions, has failed to do so much as theirs, and we cannot but regard them, therefore, as coming off with flying colours.

A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA; OR, HERBERT'S NOTE BOOK. By William Howitt. Illustrated by Harvey. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.

THIS is a pleasing and instructive little volume, calculated to give youth an agreeable impression of our vast antipodal continent, or at least such portions of it as have been colonized by Englishmen. The tales, and anecdotes, interspersed among vivid descriptions of character and scenery, give a charming variety to the adventures and experiences of Herbert in the Australian bush, and cannot fail to be appreciated by Herbert's contemporaries. The illustrations by Harvey are commendable.

THE CAVALIERS AND FREE LANCES OF NEW SPAIN. By Gabriel Ferry, Author of "Vagabond Life in Mexico," "Costal, the Indian," &c. London: James Blackwood.

MR. FERRY'S tale of the "Free Lances in New Spain" gives a vivid but sad picture of the state of things in Mexico. We can hardly

agree with the author, when he asserts in his opening sentence, that "the War of Independence has helped to form a people, at this moment more enlightened, and much farther removed by its manners as well as by its recollections, from the men who long ago stood up so valiantly for the cause of liberty in Mexico." They are still in a condition no farther advanced than on the day when their independence was proclaimed; constitution after constitution has been set up only to be beaten down; real patriots have been thwarted in their earnest attempts to improve their country by a bigoted priesthood; and even now the flames of civil war are raging throughout the land. However, out of this wild spirit, Mr. Ferry has contrived to find materials for a sparkling tale, full of "hair-breadth 'scapes and moving incidents."

ALL ABOUT IT; OR, THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF COMMON THINGS. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THIS is a valuable encyclopædia both for old and young, and contains within a few pages a very appreciable explanation of the "History and Mystery of Common Things." It embraces, in fact, a description either of the growth, formation, or manufacture of tea, coffee, fruit, spice, china, porcelain, glass, salt, cereals, cheese, narcotics, artificial light, coal, leather, textile fabrics, paper, metals, medicines, woods, sugar, fermented liquors, minerals, geology, and miscellaneous things. If we take, for example, artificial light, we are treated with an account of candles, spermaceti, oil, camphine, gas, its manufacture and discovery; old modes of lighting; lucifer matches, phosphorus, how matches are made, the history of matches, &c. Under the head "textile fabrics," a large amount of information is given about cotton and the cotton plant, the antiquity of cotton in India, &c.; its introduction into Europe, process of manufacture, calico printing, damask, muslin, cultivation of cotton, silk, silk-worms, preparation for use, velvet, ribbon, silk in ancient times, where it is now produced; linen, flax, its growth and preparation, hemp; wool, animals which supply it; woollen manufactures, broad cloths, teasels, carpets, their history and manufacture. From this specimen it will appear how fully and interestingly each article is treated.

ESMOND: a Story of Queen Anne's Reign. By W. M. Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

JANE EYRE: an Autobiography. By Currer Bell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

VILLETTE SHIRLEY: a Tale. By Currer Bell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

THE cheap editions of the works of our best novelists speak convincingly of the improvement of taste among the reading public. The trash, the false sentimentality, and low standards of morality that deluged our circulating libraries twenty years ago, would not be tolerated now. And for this improvement we are indebted in no small degree to the enterprise of some of our leading publishing

houses, by which our standard works have been made accessible nearly to all classes. It is thus that a purer taste has been formed and satisfied. And hence we welcome the cheap editions of the works of Thackeray and Currer Bell—authors than whom none have attained a higher position in their peculiar province of literature. But to commend or to condemn would be out of place now, for they have won their reputation, which the present issue will do much to perpetuate. The one still lives; the other we recently mourned over, as we felt that we had sustained no common loss in the death of Charlotte Brontë.

SERMONS TO SCHOOLBOYS. By the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1858.

THESE are plain and practical discourses, well adapted for those to whom they were delivered. They possess, moreover, the merit—one, we doubt not, surpassing all others in the eyes of the schoolboys themselves—of being short, not having occupied, the author tells us, “more than seven or eight minutes in the delivery.” Were it not that Dr. Arnold’s glorious sermons in the Rugby Chapel flashed in upon one’s mind immediately after seeing the title of “Sermons to Schoolboys,” we should undoubtedly have felt that they deserved higher commendation.

DEVOTIONAL RETIREMENT: or, Scriptural Admonitions for the Closet for every Day in the Year. By Thomas Wallace. London & Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co.

THIS is a work similar to the “Golden Treasury,” of Bogatzky, possessing the same general character both as to substance and form. It is equally evangelical and equally devotional, plain, unadorned, and adapted to the unlearned. To those who are tired of that popular work by long use, we can safely recommend this volume as a substitute.

THE HARMONY OF THE DIVINE DISPENSATIONS, &c. By George Smith, LL.D., F.A.S., &c. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans.

THIS is one of the most valuable works on theology we have met with for a long time. The views of the author are, many of them, strikingly original. The work abounds with new ideas on the most important and vital parts of divine truth, and is adapted to shed light on some of the most difficult passages of Scripture. The author works out all his points with great sobriety of judgment, and a constant appeal to the most learned and competent authorities. His object is to show that one uniform system of revelation has prevailed from the beginning to the end—from the narrative of Genesis to the Visions of the Apocalypse. He identifies the Cherubim of Paradise with the living creatures seen by John in the Isle of Patmos; and he maintains that they and all the other references to Cherubimic figures are intended to

set forth human nature exalted and purified by divine grace. He pleads that the Edenic Cherubim not only prevented Adam from gathering the fruits of life, but that they kept the tree of life in the sense of preserving it as a sign and symbol of the Divine presence, and that it was in reality identical with the cherubim and propitiatory made by Moses in the wilderness. His remarks on the tabernacle of David, placed on Mount Zion before Solomon's temple was built, are new, striking, and, so far as we can perceive, satisfactory. In short, the whole volume is highly interesting and instructive. We think every preacher of the Gospel ought to make himself master of the views which our author so lucidly unfolds. We give the work our hearty recommendation.

THE VOICE OF OUR CONGREGATIONS; or, Responsive Services, &c. By I. W. C. Drane. London: Snow.

IN a former article on "Liturgies and Free Prayer,"* when suggesting a combination or intermixture of these, we remarked that the objection of some as to the *multiplication* of liturgies appears greatly overstated; that hymn-books are diverse, in churches as well as meeting-houses; but that only a few are *extensively* used; and that, if there should arise as many prayer-books as there are hymn-books, they might yet, like most of these, essentially agree. On this ground, we are glad to see the volume now under review, and any other contributions of a like kind, presented by competent labourers, towards the object of improving our method in the conduct of public worship. The volume of Mr. Drane consists of three parts, of which the first and largest is a series of "Responsive Services, in the Language of Scripture." It would seem *more* correct to have named these "Responsive Lessons," "Responsive Readings," since it is but incidentally or partially that they have the direct character of worship; they are, however, responsive services in the same sense as the Psalms, when read publicly in the Church of England. In the present responsive services or lessons, different parts of Scripture are frequently combined; the declarative or historic with the devotional; the prophetic with the narrative; these latter being illustrative or complementary to the former. This, we think, is for the most part done with judgment. The readings, with a few exceptions, appear aptly chosen. We have before expressed the opinion that responses, properly so called, are in prayer desirable, and we incline to believe that responsive reading likewise tends to excite and sustain attention. Much however, as to its effect will depend on the training of the congregations, to avoid a boisterous or a monotonous utterance, and to read in a soft or gentle manner, as with subdued and reverent spirit. Part II. contains ten responsive services adapted from extant liturgies: namely, from the ancient liturgies of the Alexandrian Church; from the Liturgy of Antioch; from the Missal, with many

* N. S., Vol. I., April, 1857.

omissions; from the Morning Prayer of the Church of England; from its litany; from liturgical contributions (we believe American); and from the Biblical Liturgy. Part III. consists of like services "composed expressly for this work." The spirit and tendency of these are devout and good. But we confess that in our judgment, the strain of sentiment, and the turn of phrase or collocation of words, frequently too much approach the borders of verse,—not plain and simple enough for a thorough adaptedness to congregational use. In one instance this fault is carried to a degree which may provoke ridicule, when it is said:—

"Thou art worthy of all seraphic praise
And of the mute hymnings of the God-made Cosmos."

This instance, however, stands alone; but there are others, much less singular, where yet the passage would be greatly improved (at least for its special purpose), by substituting a plainer diction. It appears to us also that some of the responsive paragraphs, marked as for "all" to utter, are too long to be so used with advantage. (See, especially, p. 191.) We do not apprehend the author's or compiler's meaning, when, in his introduction, p. 8, he says, "No made prayers." Even if it be intended to limit that remark to prayers written by the author, it seems contradicted by the heading of the third part itself, "composed expressly," &c. There may be some mistake on our part, but we fail to seize the import or reconcilableness of these phrases. On the whole, we think the attempt very commendable, and in several respects successful; but it is from a sincere desire for its greater success of utility, that we again urge the desirableness of a simplicity which is sometimes wanting. For example, the passage from the Liturgy of Antioch (p. 126) would be greatly improved by omitting the epithets, "many-eyed," "six-winged," "glorious," and the term "loud-sounding doxologies," &c., &c. So the word "thrilling" (twice in p. 167) seems inappropriate to prayer; and for the last four lines of p. 169, we would substitute the briefer and scriptural form, "My mind, O Lord, hast Thou fearfully and wonderfully made." We would also erase the preceding epithets "erect, divine." These are but specimens of the manner in which the esteemed author might be counselled to chasten and improve his work; and he must take it as a proof of our genuine wish to promote his aim, that we are at the pains to make these especial comments. It is our hope that, from the concurrence and mutual aid and emendation of such endeavours, a series of liturgical services may at length be formed which shall be of great use as *subsidiary* to those *free* prayers, which we, with this author, trust will never be disused by the churches of Christ.

TRUTH OUT OF PLACE THE MOST DANGEROUS ERROR. Seven Letters to a Clergyman in reference to the Controversy between Protestants and Romanists, occasioned by the late Secessions to the Church of Rome. By W. De Burgh, D.D., Incumbent of St. John's, Sandymount. Dublin: Madden & Oldham; London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1858.

THESE are admirable letters, characterized by present pertinence,

yet saturated with unchanging truth. On the subject of "Ceremonial in Worship" (Letter IV.), the author expresses himself in a strain which ought to prove monitory to others no less than to the members of the Established Church. Of Popery, "one principal attraction is its *ceremonial*, with all its varied appliances to the senses. The lighted altars, splendidly decorated; the priests, with their variegated and gorgeous vestments; the incense ascending in clouds; the swelling peals of the organ blending in sweet harmony, together with solemn processions, beautiful paintings, &c., &c., all combine to produce an effect more easily conceived than expressed. And why, it is said, why not take a lesson from Romanism in this? Why not borrow from it some of this attraction for our services, to draw the people to the church, and, when there, to fix the gaze of the wandering eyes, and rouse and engage the attention of the drowsy and the listless? And doubtless the experiment would be successful in the one case as in the other. But what, then, would this be to do? At best it would be to bring back again the church under the 'elements,' or 'rudiments of the world;' to exchange the calling and standing of the Christian dispensation for a second childhood, and to return to the 'carnal ordinances' which once had their use, but now have no place: in a word, to enable those who know not how to worship God 'in spirit and in truth,' to flatter themselves that they are worshippers notwithstanding, by giving them something that they can do—the religion of outward observances, of form and gesture, a worship to occupy and engage the attention of the animal man, instead of that in which, every sense closed, the worshipper in heart and mind ascends to God, and in spirit holds communion with the Father of his spirit. Grant it, then, that the want of religion among the professed members of our Church in many places is deplorable; grant it also that our liturgy is not suited to them—that it is in fact too spiritual for many of our worshippers—we must not, in our zeal for their welfare, seek to accommodate it to such. We must not 'do evil that good may come.' *This* is not the remedy; but Scripture plainly points out what is. The apostles preached to men in order to make them true worshippers: they first sought their conversion to God—that 'repentance' which is 'to the acknowledgment of THE TRUTH.' And *this* is what is needed now by those whose irreligion we deplore. Though bearing a Christian name, and consequently under the responsibilities of a Christian profession, they in fact need this conversion and repentance as much as those who never bore that name or made that profession. They require to be brought to the knowledge of the true God, that they may worship Him as He is in truth. And for this work our Church needs, not skilled ritualists or rubricians, not men who think that there is religion in decorating an altar, or changing one vestment for another, but men 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost;' men of zeal and of prayer, and a missionary spirit, who will carry the truth home to our people, and so make them Christians indeed, and true members of the Church; not lowering it to them, but raising them to it." This it will be happily

owned is no "uncertain sound;" and its decided evangelism is the more pleasing as Mr. Sidney Herbert's church, we well remember, was once supposed to echo principles somewhat different from these.

COMMENTARIES ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE THESSALONIANS, THE EPISTLE OF JAMES, AND THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN. By Alexander S. Patterson, D.D. Edinburgh: J. & T. Clark. 1857.

SCOTCH preachers are in the habit of instructing their people by giving regular and continuous expositions of various books of Scripture; and in this little volume Dr. Patterson has endeavoured to give permanence to the more important points in his congregational lectures on the books named in his title-page. His learning is respectable, and quite free from ostentation; and his appreciation of the meaning of the inspired writers is generally correct. Many good people, who want a practical rather than a scholarly commentary, will read Dr. Patterson's book with interest and profit.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

It is very hard to believe that a Conservative Government is still in office. During the last few weeks there has been more of real progress in the demolition of constitutional anomalies than had been accomplished during as many years of Whig ascendancy. We unfold our *Times*, at breakfast, every morning, wondering what new reform has received the sanction of an anti-Liberal Ministry, and almost expecting to discover that the good man who thanked God so fervently that "we have a House of Lords," was doomed, at last, to lose the blessing he so devoutly recognised. If, however, their lordships continue in their present mood, the most enthusiastic democrat need not wish them stript of their hereditary privileges. They intend to admit the Jews to Parliament; they have accepted one of the points of the Charter, and are prepared to cry as lustily as ERNEST JONES, "No Property Qualification;" and Sir JOHN TRELAWNEY'S Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates, after a splendid victory in the Commons, has actually been read a first time in the Lords. We must beware of the innovations with which a Tory Ministry and the House of Peers threaten the Constitution. If JOHN BRIGHT were Premier, with a majority in both Houses, it would be scarcely less necessary for moderate men, like ourselves, to take good precaution against too hasty reform.

We are not unwilling to accept from Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI what Lord PALMERSTON would not or could not secure for us; but we cannot witness, without serious apprehension and concern, the deplorable absence of earnest faith in their political

creed, with which both the great parties in the state appear to us to be chargeable. Farewell to all true national greatness, when the rulers of the people care more for place than for principle, and strive for power, not that they may work out the policy which they believe in their hearts to be righteous and expedient, but to satisfy personal ambition, to enjoy the luxury of patronage, and to enrich themselves with the golden fruits of office. It would be far better to have our demands for reform refused by an honest, courageous, high-spirited Government, than granted by an insincere and timid company of time-servers.

LOCKE KING'S Bill to enlarge the County Franchise passed its second reading in the House of Commons, by a majority of 226 to 168. Mr. BERKELEY'S annual motion for the Ballot did not fare so well. Curious observers have noted that during the last four years the majority against the Ballot has steadily increased: in 1854 the motion was lost by 37; in 1858, by 97.

Mr. DISRAELI'S rollicking and reckless speech at Slough subjected him to well-merited rebuke in both Houses. Lord CLARENDON in the Lords, Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL in the Commons, severally castigated the romancing Chancellor. His two defences were flagrantly inconsistent with each other; but the House laughed at his cleverness, and forgave his sin. *Since* his speech, the Government have fully justified, however, what, at the time, was a piece of unfounded self-glorification about their diplomatic success with Naples, by getting for the two engineers, compensation to the amount of £3,000.

One of the most remarkable triumphs of the Government—perhaps the most remarkable—has been the passing of the two most critical of their Indian resolutions: the Commons have accepted the proposition for an enlarged Council, and for the election of some of its members by a constituency to be hereafter defined. Lord STANLEY has proved himself a stout and wary champion in a very difficult controversy. His lordship has not only fought well in the battle of the resolutions, but has introduced an India Bill of his own. He proposes that there shall be an Indian Secretary, a Council of fifteen, eight of whom are to be nominated by the crown, and seven by the East India Directors out of their own number; vacancies are to be filled up alternately by the Secretary for India and the Council itself. The Bill has real merits, and we should not wonder if, oppressed by the heat, and terrified by the Thames, the House permits it to pass without much discussion.

During the month, we have heard "rumours of wars:" one week, we have feared lest an American fleet should avenge alleged infractions of the law of nations, in the exercise by our slavery cruisers of the right of search; the next week we have been threatened with the terrible vision of a French army of a hundred thousand men, landing on the coast of Sussex or of Kent. We believe that there has been much needless alarm. The American difficulty may surely be settled by frank and honourable diplomacy; indeed, already there is prospect of the question receiving satis-

factory adjustment; and although no promises, no oaths, could bind the Emperor of the French, he dare not land a single soldier on our shores. The indignant fury of a free people would drive to destruction all the legions of tyranny; and if he ventured to perpetrate the appalling crime of invading the territory of a generous and confiding ally, the stifled hatred and contempt of his own subjects would find terrible utterance, and, within a week, the ambitious hopes of the Napoleon dynasty would perish for ever.

Books Received.

- Anti-Slavery Advocate (The), for June. Wm. Tweedie.
 Arnold Prize Essay, for 1858. By R. Watson Dixon, M.A. Oxford: T. & G. Shrimpton.
 Art: its Scope and Purpose. By Josiah Gilbert. Jackson & Walford.
 Art (The) of Questioning. By Joshua G. Fitch, M.A. Sunday School Union.
 Baptist Magazine, for June. Pewtress & Co.
 Bible Class Magazine, for June. Sunday School Union.
 Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibition. Complete in One Volume. Kent & Co.
 Child's Own Magazine (The). Sunday School Union.
 Commentary (The) Wholly Biblical. Part XX. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
 Confessions (The) of a Catholic Priest. John Chapman.
 Divine Inspiration (The) of the Holy Scriptures. The Ratcliffe Prize Essay. By Edwin Godson Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.
 Earnest Exhortation (An) to Christian Unity. By the Chief of Sinners. Partridge & Co.
 Ex Oriente. Sonnets on the Indian Rebellion. John Chapman.
 Gospel Unities. By the Rev. John Richardson, M.A. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.
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